

# ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

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## THE WOMAN IN WHITE.

HARTRIGHT'S NARRATIVE CONTINUED.

VII.

WHEN I entered the room, I found Miss Halcombe and an elderly lady seated at the luncheon-table.

The elderly lady, when I was presented to her, proved to be Miss Fairlie's former governess, Mrs. Vesey, who had been briefly described to me by my lively companion at the breakfast-table, as possessed of "all the cardinal virtues, and counting for nothing." I can do little more than offer my humble testimony to the truthfulness of Miss Halcombe's sketch of the old lady's character. Mrs. Vesey looked the personification of human composure and female amiability. A calm enjoyment of a calm existence beamed in drowsy smiles on her plump, placid face. Some of us rush through life; and some of us saunter through life. Mrs. Vesey *sat* through life. Sat in the house, early and late; sat in the garden; sat in unexpected window-seats in passages; sat (on a camp stool) when her friends tried to take her out walking; sat before she looked at anything, before she talked of anything, before she answered, Yes, or No, to the commonest question—always with the same serene smile on her lips, the same vacantly attentive turn of her head, the same snugly, comfortable position of her hands and arms, under every possible change of domestic circumstances. A mild, a compliant, an unutterably tranquil and harmless old lady, who never by any chance suggested the idea that she had been actually alive since the hour of her birth. Nature has so much to do in this world, and is engaged in generating such a vast variety of co-existent productions, that she must surely be now and then too flurried and confused to distinguish between the different processes that she is carrying on at the same time. Starting from this point of view, it will always remain my private persuasion that Nature was absorbed in making cabbages when Mrs. Vesey was born, and that the good lady suffered the consequences of a vegetable preoccupation in the mind of the Mother of us all.

"Now, Mrs. Vesey," said Miss Halcombe, looking brighter, sharper, and readier than ever, by contrast with the undemonstrative old lady at her side, "what will you have? A cutlet?"

Mrs. Vesey crossed her dimpled hands on the

edge of the table; smiled placidly; and said, "Yes, dear."

"What is that, opposite Mr. Hartright? Boiled chicken, is it not? I thought you liked boiled chicken better than cutlet, Mrs. Vesey?"

Mrs. Vesey took her dimpled hands off the edge of the table and crossed them on her lap instead; nodded contemptively at the boiled chicken; and said "Yes, dear."

"Well, but which will you have, to-day? Shall Mr. Hartright give you some chicken? or shall I give you some cutlet?"

Mrs. Vesey put one of her dimpled hands back again on the edge of the table; hesitated drowsily; and said, "Which you please, dear."

"Mercy on me! it's a question for your taste, my good lady, not for mine. Suppose you have a little of both? and suppose you begin with the chicken, because Mr. Hartright looks devoured by anxiety to carve for you?"

Mrs. Vesey put the other dimpled hand back on the edge of the table; brightened dimly, one moment; went out again, the next; bowed obediently; and said, "If you please, sir."

Surely a mild, a compliant, an unutterably tranquil and harmless old lady? But enough, perhaps, for the present, of Mrs. Vesey.

All this time, there were no signs of Miss Fairlie. We finished our luncheon; and still she never appeared. Miss Halcombe, whose quick eye nothing escaped, noticed the looks that I cast, from time to time, in the direction of the door.

"I understand you, Mr. Hartright," she said; "you are wondering what has become of your other pupil. She has been down stairs, and has got over her headache; but has not sufficiently recovered her appetite to join us at lunch. If you will put yourself under my charge, I think I can undertake to find her somewhere in the garden."

She took up a parasol, lying on a chair near her, and led the way out, by a long window at the bottom of the room, which opened on to the lawn. It is almost unnecessary to say that we left Mrs. Vesey still seated at the table, with her dimpled hands still crossed on the edge of it; apparently settled in that position for the rest of the afternoon.

As we crossed the lawn, Miss Halcombe looked at me significantly, and shook her head.

"That mysterious adventure of yours," she

said, "still remains involved in its own appropriate midnight darkness. I have been all the morning looking over my mother's letters; and I have made no discoveries yet. However, don't despair, Mr. Hartright. This is a matter of curiosity; and you have got a woman for your ally. Under such conditions, success is certain, sooner or later. The letters are not exhausted. I have three packets still left, and you may confidently rely on my spending the whole evening over them."

Here, then, was one of my anticipations of the morning still unfulfilled. I began to wonder, next, whether my introduction to Miss Fairlie would disappoint the expectations that I had been forming of her since breakfast-time.

"And how did you get on with my uncle?" inquired Miss Halcombe, as we left the lawn and turned into a shrubbery. "Was he particularly nervous this morning? Never mind considering about your answer, Mr. Hartright. The mere fact of your being obliged to consider is enough for me. I see in your face that he was particularly nervous; and, as I am amiably unwilling to throw you into the same condition, I ask no more."

We turned off into a winding path while she was speaking, and approached a pretty summer-house, built of wood, in the form of a miniature Swiss chalet. The one room of the summer-house, as we ascended the steps at the door, was occupied by a young lady. She was standing near a rustic table, looking out at the inland view of moor and hill presented by a gap in the trees, and absently turning over the leaves of a little sketch-book that lay at her side. This was Miss Fairlie.

How can I describe her? How can I separate her from my own sensations, and from all that has happened in the later time? How can I see her again as she looked when my eyes first rested on her—as she should look, now, to the eyes that are about to see her in these pages?

The water-colour drawing that I made of Laura Fairlie, at an after period, in the place and attitude in which I first saw her, lies on my desk while I write. I look at it, and there dawns upon me brightly, from the dark greenish-brown background of the summer-house, a light, youthful figure, clothed in a simple muslin dress, the pattern of it formed by broad alternate stripes of delicate blue and white. A scarf of the same material sits crisply and closely round her shoulders, and a little straw hat, of the natural colour, plainly and sparingly trimmed with ribbon to match the gown, covers her head, and throws its soft pearly shadow over the upper part of her face. Her hair is of so faint and pale a brown—not flaxen, and yet almost as light; not golden, and yet almost as glossy—that it nearly melts, here and there, into the shadow of the hat. It is plainly parted and drawn back over her ears, and the line of it ripples naturally as it crosses her forehead. The eyebrows are rather darker than the hair; and the eyes are of that soft, limpid, turquoise blue, so often sung by the poets, so seldom seen in real life. Lovely eyes

in colour, lovely eyes in form—large and tender and quietly thoughtful—but beautiful above all things in the clear truthfulness of look that dwells in their inmost depths, and shines through all their changes of expression with the light of a purer and a better world. The charm—most gently and yet most distinctly expressed—which they shed over the whole face, so covers and transforms its little natural human blemishes elsewhere, that it is difficult to estimate the relative merits and defects of the other features. It is hard to see that the lower part of the face is too delicately refined away towards the chin to be in full and fair proportion with the upper part; that the nose, in escaping the aquiline bend (always hard and cruel in a woman, no matter how abstractedly perfect it may be), has erred a little in the other extreme, and has missed the ideal straightness of line; and that the sweet, sensitive lips are subject to a slight nervous contraction, when she smiles, which draws them upward a little at one corner, towards the cheek. It might be possible to note these blemishes in another woman's face, but it is not easy to dwell on them in hers, so subtly are they connected with all that is individual and characteristic in her expression, and so closely does the expression depend for its full play and life, in every other feature, on the moving impulse of the eyes.

Does my poor portrait of her, my fond, patient labour of long and happy days, show me these things? Ah, how few of them are in the dim mechanical drawing, and how many in the mind with which I regard it! A fair, delicate girl, in a pretty light dress, trifling with the leaves of a sketch-book, while she looks up from it with truthful innocent blue eyes—that is all the drawing can say; all, perhaps, that even the deeper reach of thought and pen can say in their language, either. The woman who first gives life, light, and form to our shadowy conceptions of beauty, fills a void in our spiritual nature that has remained unknown to us till she appeared. Sympathies that lie too deep for words, too deep almost for thoughts, are touched, at such times, by other charms than those which the senses feel and which the resources of expression can realise. The mystery which underlies the beauty of women is never raised above the reach of all expression until it has claimed kindred with the deeper mystery in our own souls. Then, and then only, has it passed beyond the narrow region on which light falls, in this world, from the pencil and the pen.

Think of her, as you thought of the first woman who quickened the pulses within you that the rest of her sex had no art to stir. Let the kind, candid blue eyes meet yours, as they met mine, with the one matchless look which we both remember so well. Let her voice speak the music that you once loved best, attuned as sweetly to your ear as to mine. Let her footstep, as she comes and goes, in these pages, be like that other footstep to whose airy fall your own heart once beat time. Take her

as the visionary nursling of your own fancy; and she will grow upon you, all the more clearly, as the living woman who dwells in mine.

Among the sensations that crowded on me, when my eyes first looked upon her—familiar sensations which we all know, which spring to life in most of our hearts, die again in so many, and renew their bright existence in so few—there was one that troubled and perplexed me; one that seemed strangely inconsistent and unaccountably out of place in Miss Fairlie's presence.

Mingling with the vivid impression produced by the charm of her fair face and head, her sweet expression, and her winning simplicity of manner, was another impression, which, in a shadowy way, suggested to me the idea of something wanting. At one time it seemed like something wanting in *her*; at another, like something wanting in myself, which hindered me from understanding her as I ought. The impression was always strongest, in the most contradictory manner, when she looked at me; or, in other words, when I was most conscious of the harmony and charm of her face, and yet, at the same time, most troubled by the sense of an incompleteness which it was impossible to discover. Something wanting, something wanting—and where it was, and what it was, I could not say.

The effect of this curious caprice of fancy (as I thought it then) was not of a nature to set me at my ease, during a first interview with Miss Fairlie. The few kind words of welcome which she spoke found me hardly self-possessed enough to thank her in the customary phrases of reply. Observing my hesitation, and no doubt attributing it, naturally enough, to some momentary shyness, on my part, Miss Halcombe took the business of talking, as easily and readily as usual, into her own hands.

"Look there, Mr. Hartright," she said, pointing to the sketch-book on the table, and to the little delicate wandering hand that was still trifling with it. "Surely you will acknowledge that your model pupil is found at last? The moment she hears that you are in the house, she seizes her inestimable sketch-book, looks universal Nature straight in the face, and longs to begin!"

Miss Fairlie laughed with a ready good humour, which broke out, as brightly as if it had been part of the sunshine above us, over her lovely face.

"I must not take credit to myself where no credit is due," she said; her clear, truthful blue eyes looking alternately at Miss Halcombe and at me. "Fond as I am of drawing, I am so conscious of my own ignorance that I am more afraid than anxious to begin. Now I know you are here, Mr. Hartright, I find myself looking over my sketches, as I used to look over my lessons when I was a little girl, and when I was sadly afraid that I should turn out not fit to be heard."

She made the confession very prettily and simply, and, with quaint, childish earnestness,

drew the sketch-book away close to her own side of the table. Miss Halcombe cut the knot of the little embarrassment forthwith, in her resolute, downright way.

"Good, bad, or indifferent," she said, "the pupil's sketches must pass through the fiery ordeal of the master's judgment—and there's an end of it. Suppose we take them with us in the carriage, Laura, and let Mr. Hartright see them, for the first time, under circumstances of perpetual jolting and interruption? If we can only confuse him all through the drive, between Nature as it is, when he looks up at the view, and Nature as it is not, when he looks down again at our sketch-books, we shall drive him into the last desperate refuge of paying us compliments, and shall slip through his professional fingers with our pet feathers of vanity all unruffled."

"I hope Mr. Hartright will pay *me* no compliments," said Miss Fairlie, as we all left the summer-house.

"May I venture to inquire why you express that hope?" I asked.

"Because I shall believe all that you say to me," she answered, simply.

In those few words she unconsciously gave me the key to her whole character; to that generous trust in others which, in her nature, grew innocently out of the sense of her own truth. I only knew it intuitively, then. I know it by experience, now.

We merely waited to rouse good Mrs. Vesey from the place which she still occupied at the deserted luncheon-table, before we entered the open carriage for our promised drive. The old lady and Miss Halcombe occupied the back seat; and Miss Fairlie and I sat together in front, with the sketch-book open between us, fairly exhibited at last to my professional eyes. All serious criticism on the drawings, even if I had been disposed to volunteer it, was rendered impossible by Miss Halcombe's lively resolution to see nothing but the ridiculous side of the Fine Arts, as practised by herself, her sister, and ladies in general. I can remember the conversation that passed, far more easily than the sketches that I mechanically looked over. That part of the talk, especially, in which Miss Fairlie took any share, is still as vividly impressed on my memory as if I had heard it only a few hours ago.

Yes! let me acknowledge that, on this first day, I let the charm of her presence lure me from the recollection of myself and my position. The most trifling of the questions that she put to me, on the subject of using her pencil and mixing her colours; the slightest alterations of expression in the lovely eyes that looked into mine, with such an earnest desire to learn all that I could teach and to discover all that I could show, attracted more of my attention than the finest view we passed through, or the grandest changes of light and shade, as they flowed into each other over the waving moorland and the level beach. At any time, and under any circumstances of human interest, is it

not strange to see how little real hold the objects of the natural world amid which we live can gain on our hearts and minds? We go to Nature for comfort in trouble, and sympathy in joy, only in books. Admiration of those beauties of the inanimate world, which modern poetry so largely and so eloquently describes, is not, even in the best of us, one of the original instincts of our nature. As children, we none of us possess it. No uninstructed man or woman possesses it. Those whose lives are most exclusively passed amid the ever-changing wonders of sea and land, are also those who are most universally insensible to every aspect of Nature not directly associated with the human interest of their calling. Our capacity of appreciating the beauties of the earth we live on, is, in truth, one of the civilised accomplishments which we all learn, as an Art; and, more, that very capacity is rarely practised by any of us except when our minds are most indolent and most unoccupied. How much share have the attractions of Nature ever had in the pleasurable or painful interests and emotions of ourselves or our friends? What space do they ever occupy in the thousand little narratives of personal experience which pass every day by word of mouth from one of us to the other? All that our minds can compass, all that our hearts can learn, can be accomplished with equal certainty, equal profit, and equal satisfaction to ourselves, in the poorest as in the richest prospect that the face of the earth can show. There is surely a reason for this want of inborn sympathy between the creature and the creation around it, a reason which may perhaps be found in the widely differing destinies of man and his earthly sphere. The grandest mountain prospect that the eye can range over is appointed to annihilation. The smallest human interest that the pure heart can feel, is appointed to immortality.

We had been out nearly three hours, when the carriage again passed through the gates of Limmeridge House.

On our way back, I had let the ladies settle for themselves the first point of view which they were to sketch, under my instructions, on the afternoon of the next day. When they withdrew to dress for dinner, and when I was alone again in my little sitting-room, my spirits seemed to leave me on a sudden. I felt ill at ease and dissatisfied with myself, I hardly knew why. Perhaps I was now conscious, for the first time, of having enjoyed our drive too much in the character of a guest, and too little in the character of a drawing-master. Perhaps that strange sense of something wanting, either in Miss Fairlie or in myself, which had perplexed me when I was first introduced to her, haunted me still. Anyhow, it was a relief to my spirits when the dinner-hour called me out of my solitude, and took me back to the society of the ladies of the house.

I was struck, on entering the drawing-room, by the curious contrast, rather in material than in colour, of the dresses which they now wore. While Mrs. Vesey and Miss Halcombe were

richly clad (each in the manner most becoming to her age), the first in silver-grey, and the second in that delicate primrose-yellow colour, which matches so well with a dark complexion and black hair, Miss Fairlie was unpretendingly and almost poorly dressed in plain white muslin. It was spotlessly pure; it was beautifully put on; but still it was the sort of dress which the wife or daughter of a poor man might have worn; and it made the heiress of Limmeridge House, so far as externals went, look less affluent in circumstances than her own governess. At a later period, when I learnt to know more of Miss Fairlie's character, I discovered that this curious contrast, on the wrong side, was due to her natural delicacy of feeling and natural intensity of aversion to the slightest personal display of her own wealth. Neither Mrs. Vesey nor Miss Halcombe could ever induce her to let the advantage in dress desert the two ladies who were poor, to lean to the side of the one lady who was rich.

When dinner was over, we returned together to the drawing-room. Although Mr. Fairlie (emulating the magnificent condescension of the monarch who had picked up Titian's brush for him) had instructed his butler to consult my wishes in relation to the wine that I might prefer after dinner, I was resolute enough to resist the temptation of sitting in solitary grandeur among bottles of my own choosing, and sensible enough to ask the ladies' permission to leave the table with them habitually, on the civilised foreign plan, during the period of my residence at Limmeridge House.

The drawing-room, to which we had now withdrawn for the rest of the evening, was on the ground-floor, and was of the same shape and size as the breakfast-room. Large glass doors at the lower end opened on to a terrace, beautifully ornamented along its whole length with a profusion of flowers. The soft, hazy twilight was just shading leaf and blossom alike into harmony with its own sober hues, as we entered the room; and the sweet evening scent of the flowers met us with its fragrant welcome through the open glass doors. Good Mrs. Vesey (always the first of the party to sit down) took possession of an arm-chair in a corner, and dozed off comfortably to sleep. At my request, Miss Fairlie placed herself at the piano. As I followed her to a seat near the instrument, I saw Miss Halcombe retire into a recess of one of the side windows, to proceed with the search through her mother's letters by the last quiet rays of the evening light.

How vividly that peaceful home-picture of the drawing-room comes back to me while I write! From the place where I sat, I could see Miss Halcombe's graceful figure, half of it in soft light, half in mysterious shadow, bending intently over the letters in her lap; while, nearer to me, the fair profile of the player at the piano was just delicately defined against the faintly deepening background of the inner wall of the room. Outside, on the terrace, the clustering flowers and long grasses and creepers waved so



gently in the light evening air, that the sound of their rustling never reached us. The sky was without a cloud; and the dawning mystery of moonlight began to tremble already in the region of the eastern heaven. The sense of peace and seclusion soothed all thought and feeling into a rapt, unearthly repose; and the balmy quiet that deepened ever with the deepening light, seemed to hover over us with a gentler influence still, when there stole upon it from the piano the heavenly tenderness of the music of Mozart. It was an evening of sights and sounds never to forget.

We all sat silent in the places we had chosen—Mrs. Vesey still sleeping, Miss Fairlie still playing, Miss Halcombe still reading—till the light failed us. By this time the moon had stolen round to the terrace, and soft, mysterious rays of light were slanting already across the lower end of the room. The change from the twilight obscurity was so beautiful, that we banished the lamps, by common consent, when the servant brought them in; and kept the large room unlighted, except by the glimmer of the two candles at the piano.

For half an hour more, the music still went on. After that, the beauty of the moonlight view on the terrace tempted Miss Fairlie out to look at it; and I followed her. When the candles at the piano had been lighted, Miss Halcombe had changed her place, so as to continue her examination of the letters by their assistance. We left her, on a low chair, at one side of the instrument, so absorbed over her reading that she did not seem to notice when we moved.

We had been out on the terrace together, just in front of the glass doors, hardly so long as five minutes, I should think; and Miss Fairlie was, by my advice, just tying her white handkerchief over her head as a precaution against the night air—when I heard Miss Halcombe's voice—low, eager, and altered from its natural lively tone—pronounce my name.

"Mr. Hartright," she said, "will you come here for a minute? I want to speak to you."

I entered the room again immediately. The piano stood about half way down along the inner wall. On the side of the instrument farthest from the terrace, Miss Halcombe was sitting with the letters scattered on her lap, and with one in her hand selected from them, and held close to the candle. On the side nearest to the terrace there stood a low ottoman, on which I took my place. In this position, I was not far from the glass doors; and I could see Miss Fairlie plainly, as she passed and repassed the opening on to the terrace; walking slowly from end to end of it in the full radiance of the moon.

"I want you to listen while I read the concluding passages in this letter," said Miss Halcombe. "Tell me if you think they throw any light upon your strange adventure on the road to London. The letter is addressed by my mother to her second husband, Mr. Fairlie; and the date refers to a period of between eleven and

twelve years since. At that time, Mr. and Mrs. Fairlie, and my half-sister Laura, had been living for years in this house; and I was away from them, completing my education at a school in Paris."

She looked and spoke earnestly, and, as I thought, a little uneasily, as well. At the moment when she raised the letter to the candle before beginning to read it, Miss Fairlie passed us on the terrace, looked in for a moment, and, seeing that we were engaged, slowly walked on.

Miss Halcombe began to read, as follows:

"You will be tired, my dear Philip, of hearing perpetually about my schools and my scholars. Lay the blame, pray, on the dull uniformity of life at Limmeridge, and not on me. Besides, this time, I have something really interesting to tell you about a new scholar."

"You know old Mrs. Kempe, at the village shop. Well, after years of ailing, the doctor has at last given her up, and she is dying slowly, day by day. Her only living relation, a sister, arrived last week to take care of her. This sister comes all the way from Hampshire—her name is Mrs. Catherick. Four days ago Mrs. Catherick came here to see me, and brought her only child with her, a sweet little girl about a year older than our darling Laura——"

As the last sentence fell from the reader's lips, Miss Fairlie passed us on the terrace once more. She was softly singing to herself one of the melodies which she had been playing earlier in the evening. Miss Halcombe waited till she had passed out of sight again; and then went on with the letter:

"Mrs. Catherick is a decent, well-behaved, respectable woman; middle aged, and with the remains of having been moderately, only moderately, nice-looking. There is something in her manner and her appearance, however, which I can't make out. She is reserved about herself to the point of downright secrecy; and there is a look in her face—I can't describe it—which suggests to me that she has something on her mind. She is altogether what you would call a walking mystery. Her errand at Limmeridge House, however, was simple enough. When she left Hampshire to nurse her sister, Mrs. Kempe, through her last illness, she had been obliged to bring her daughter with her, through having no one at home to take care of the little girl. Mrs. Kempe may die in a week's time, or may linger on for months; and Mrs. Catherick's object was to ask me to let her daughter, Anne, have the benefit of attending my school; subject to the condition of her being removed from it to go home again with her mother, after Mrs. Kempe's death. I consented at once; and when Laura and I went out for our walk, we took the little girl (who is just eleven years old) to the school, that very day."

Once more, Miss Fairlie's figure, bright and soft in its snowy muslin dress—her face prettily

framed by the white folds of the handkerchief which she had tied under her chin—passed by us in the moonlight. Once more, Miss Halcombe waited till she was out of sight; and then went on:

“‘I have taken a violent fancy, Philip, to my new scholar, for a reason which I mean to keep till the last for the sake of surprising you. Her mother having told me as little about the child as she told me of herself, I was left to discover (which I did on the first day when we tried her at lessons) that the poor little thing’s intellect is not developed as it ought to be at her age. Seeing this, I had her up to the house the next day, and privately arranged with the doctor to come and watch her and question her, and tell me what he thought. His opinion is that she will grow out of it. But he says her careful bringing-up at school is a matter of great importance just now, because her unusual slowness in acquiring ideas implies an unusual tenacity in keeping them, when they are once received into her mind. Now, my love, you must not imagine, in your off-hand way, that I have been attaching myself to an idiot. This poor little Anne Catherick is a sweet, affectionate, grateful girl; and says the quaintest, prettiest things (as you shall judge by an instance), in the most oddly sudden, surprised, half-frightened way. Although she is dressed very neatly, her clothes show a sad want of taste in colour and pattern. So I arranged, yesterday, that some of our darling Laura’s old white frocks and white hats should be altered for Anne Catherick; explaining to her that little girls of her complexion looked neater and better in all white than in anything else. She hesitated and seemed puzzled for a minute; then flushed up, and appeared to understand. Her little hand clasped mine, suddenly. She kissed it, Philip; and said (oh, so earnestly!), ‘I will always wear white as long as I live. It will help me to remember you, ma’am, and to think that I am pleasing you still, when I go away and see you no more.’ This is only one specimen of the quaint things she says so prettily. Poor little soul! She shall have a stock of white frocks, made with good deep tucks, to let out for her as she grows——”

Miss Halcombe paused, and looked at me across the piano.

“Did the forlorn woman whom you met in the high road seem young?” she asked. “Young enough to be two or three-and-twenty?”

“Yes, Miss Halcombe, as young as that.”

“And she was strangely dressed, from head to foot, all in white?”

“All in white.”

While the answer was passing my lips, Miss Fairlie glided into view on the terrace, for the third time. Instead of proceeding on her walk, she stopped, with her back turned towards us; and, leaning on the balustrade of the terrace, looked down into the garden beyond. My eyes fixed upon the white gleam of her muslin gown and head-dress in the moonlight, and a sensa-

tion, for which I can find no name—a sensation that quickened my pulse, and raised a fluttering at my heart—began to steal over me.

“All in white!” Miss Halcombe repeated. “The most important sentences in the letter, Mr. Hartright, are those at the end, which I will read to you immediately. But I can’t help dwelling a little upon the coincidence of the white costume of the woman you met, and the white frocks which produced that strange answer from my mother’s little scholar. The doctor may have been wrong when he discovered the child’s defects of intellect, and predicted that she would ‘grow out of them.’ She may never have grown out of them; and the old grateful fancy about dressing in white, which was a serious feeling to the girl, may be a serious feeling to the woman still.”

I said a few words in answer—I hardly know what. All my attention was concentrated on the white gleam of Miss Fairlie’s muslin dress.

“Listen to the last sentences of the letter,” said Miss Halcombe. “I think they will surprise you.”

As she raised the letter to the light of the candle, Miss Fairlie turned from the balustrade, looked doubtfully up and down the terrace, advanced a step towards the glass doors, and then stopped, facing us.

Meanwhile, Miss Halcombe read me the last sentences to which she had referred:

“‘And now, my love, seeing that I am at the end of my paper, now for the real reason, the surprising reason, for my fondness for little Anne Catherick. My dear Philip, although she is not half so pretty, she is, nevertheless, by one of those extraordinary caprices of accidental resemblance which one sometimes sees, the living likeness, in her hair, her complexion, the colour of her eyes, and the shape of her face——”

I started up from the ottoman, before Miss Halcombe could pronounce the next words. A thrill of the same feeling which ran through me when the touch was laid upon my shoulder on the lonely high-road, chilled me again.

There stood Miss Fairlie, a white figure, alone in the moonlight; in her attitude, in the turn of her head, in her complexion, in the shape of her face, the living image, at that distance and under those circumstances, of the woman in white! The doubt which had troubled my mind for hours and hours past, flashed into conviction in an instant. That “something wanting” was my own recognition of the ominous likeness between the fugitive from the asylum the heiress of Limmeridge House.

“You see it!” said Miss Halcombe. She dropped the useless letter, and her eyes flashed as they met mine. “You see it now, as my mother saw it eleven years since!”

“I see it—more unwillingly than I can say. To associate that forlorn, friendless, lost woman, even by an accidental likeness only, with Miss Fairlie, seems like casting a shadow on the future of the bright creature who stands looking

at us now. Let me lose the impression again, as soon as possible. Call her in, out of the dreary moonlight—pray call her in!”

“Mr. Hartright, you surprise me. Whatever women may be, I thought that men, in the nineteenth century, were above superstition.”

“Pray call her in!”

“Hush, hush! She is coming of her own accord. Say nothing in her presence. Let this discovery of the likeness be kept a secret between you and me. Come in, Laura; come in, and wake Mrs. Vesey with the piano. Mr. Hartright is petitioning for some more music, and he wants it, this time, of the lightest and liveliest kind.”

### CHERBOURG.

#### I. THE WAY THERE.

THE reader who may have accompanied me this autumn to Portsmouth, or who shares my interest in Ships and Crews, and in our Training-Ships,\* will not be surprised to hear that I have just accomplished a visit to Cherbourg. The bustle in that Norman port was beginning to oppress my imagination. One heard so much of it, that it seemed better to face the reality and ascertain what it was like, than to be always haunted with the idea of the place flitting before one in exaggerated proportions. Normandy, too—historical old Normandy, which has so profoundly affected our history!—seemed worthy of a little quiet but accurate overhauling, when the question was of a new stronghold on its most advanced promontory. So the beautiful weather of the first week of October found me steaming down the Southampton Water (time, evening; a reddish-yellow moon hanging over the land on our starboard side) on my way to the “French Liverpool,” the important seaport town of Havre. Let us see, in this first paper, what there is of interest in the journey itself, before beginning with Cherbourg, its position and resources.

Havre, then, is the French Liverpool, and though small for a Liverpool, disputes the first place as a French commercial port even with Bordeaux and Marseilles. In general aspect, it has, of course, those usual French characteristics with which so many readers are quite familiar. We will look at it, as is natural, chiefly with reference to its *naval* interest. Entering the harbour, you find good spacious basins crowded with shipping. Conspicuous for size and appearance are the thumping Yankees, whose great French port Havre is. There they are, from New Orleans (New Orleans, nauticé), from Baltimore or Charleston, or other American cities, and the mighty bales of cotton or casks of sugar which they bring swarm on the quays. Naval fact first.—The Emperor is not sorry to see the Yankees prospering in sea trade—whether “carrying” or other—since the neutral flag now-a-days is to cover the cargo, and he may be at war with Britain and get his cotton, and many other goods, all the same. This our cousins feel the advantage of, and are not slow to express it.

But French ship-building and foreign commerce increase also on their own account. There is a good deal of trade carried on by French ships from Havre with South America. They take out luxuries and bring back necessities: hides, for instance. A curious and picturesque result of the South American trade in Havre is the number of parrots—grey, green, or mixed—that one sees about. They are not the only foreigners for whom special cages are provided, by the way, since, opposite the American ships, “lodgings for coloured cooks and stewards” are particularly announced. Everywhere, in this world, we meet the materials of comedy, and the most business-like towns furnish no exceptions. Should you put up at Spiller’s, the English hotel at Havre, by all means go into the back parlour and hear the views of our Transatlantic friends on the “nigger.” “Is he human?” That is one great subject of debate there. Sometimes it is varied by demonstrations of England’s downfal next war. A stout English skipper was almost overwhelmed with prophecies which the United-Statesmen hurled at him, as to the combinations against us. But the stump oratory washed off him like spray. He drew his pipe out of his mouth quietly, and only ejaculated, “Let ‘un come on!” It is characteristic of the queer relations between us and the Americans (for they cannot hate us; yet cannot love us either, somehow) that they were delighted with the exclamation, though it was opposed to their own argument.

Havre is a thriving place, with all this importation and exportation. A bran-new “Hôtel de Ville,” all white, and prettily carved, faced by those nice public gardens so agreeably French—is one symptom of this. A surer symptom is the spread of private houses, white villas, walled and gardened, all up the heights of Ingouville, which overlook the town, and from which you get a grand view of the embouchure of the Seine, where it mingles with the sea. Havre is modern from an historic point of view. Its importance is of yesterday, compared with the venerable Rouen, which *reeks* (in all senses) of the middle ages. But it stands on a site the most significant in its associations of all Normandy; and strange memories rise before one, in gazing down on it from the heights. The Seine, there, was the highway which carried old Rolf, Hrolf, Rollo, or Rou up to the heart of the France of the ninth century, and enabled him to plant his great colony (long-haired, horse-flesh-eating, wolfskin-clad, most indomitable men!) in the pleasant Norman land.

Verses from the antique Sagas come to one’s lips in watching the placid roll of the blue water, and thinking of those days:

The Norseman’s king is on the sea,  
Though bitter wintry cold it be,  
On the wild waves his Yule keeps he.

Or,

The Norseman’s king is on his cruise,  
His blue-steel staining,  
Rich booty gaining,  
And all men trembling at the news.

\* See pages 517, 389, 557.

Apropos, in spite of their historians, the French vulgar have a dim notion that it was they who conquered England under the terrible William, and not this Norse colony, which used Normandy to form themselves a little in, before seizing the Teutonic island near it; one-third or so of which was peopled by other Norsemen, brothers and cousins to Hastings and Rou.

To return from the heights of Ingouville. Rich, busy, and gay, Havre is also stronger than it used to be. Our admirals have been there, and left their cards; and Government (as in most places where I was) are looking to the general state of the doors. Besides the regular sea defences which you may contemplate from the breezy pier, the high lands, the rocky coast to the northward about Havre, are either provided, or being provided, with regular defences. I don't profess to speak critically on this branch of matters, but the general fact is certain, and is a matter of self-congratulation to every Frenchman whom you may happen to talk with on such questions. "He, for his part, wishes peace. Why not? The two nations are at the head of civilisation. Why quarrel? But, after all, Louis Philippe was too complaisant in the point of England; and, enfin, the Emperor feels that he must maintain the position of France." There can be no doubt that this is good imperial policy as far as the dynasty is concerned; for it mixes up the private Frenchman's interest in French glory, with his interest in the family which has again got hold of power. And the activity of the Imperial Government in keeping itself before the eyes of the people is noticeable the moment you land. Enter a museum, the most showy picture is marked, "Donné par l'Empereur"—given by the Emperor—and a bust of the Empress stands on a neighbouring table. It is the same thing in the churches; many of which, from Notre-Dame at Paris downwards, are undergoing reparations, to which the Government contributes something.

From Havre to Cherbourg, you have no great choice of route. The roundabout way is to proceed by the Paris line through Rouen, to Mantes, and there take up the direct line which goes from Paris to Cherbourg. This is the course I would recommend to the pleasure-seeking tourist, and a still pleasanter variation on it would be to reach Rouen (like the old Norsemen above mentioned, who hauled their boats up ashore when necessary) by the water. But, at present, let us stick to the coast, and run over to picturesque little Honfleur opposite. We can do it, just at present, first-class for three sous, there being a tremendous competition between the steamers. They lie opposite each other, defiantly, at the wharves. When one rings her bell, the rival commences furiously to ring hers. The crews sing scarcastically against each other during the transit. The dearer and larger boat comes in first, no doubt; but in the three-sou one, you have the proud satisfaction of knowing that you tread the same deck as Louis Philippe, who embarked in her at Honfleur, in the indefinite disguise of Mr.

Smith. What could the ancient trouvères, who wrote so much about the escape of Duke Richard-sans-Peur in these regions, have made of this?

In crossing over from Havre to Honfleur, my eye lights eagerly on certain lug-rigged boats bobbing along the waves. These are fishing-boats; and the fishing-villages on the Norman coast are important to our present object as nurseries of the French marine. Such places, differing in size and importance, are scattered along the coast-line from St. Valéry-sur-Somme to Brittany. Dieppe, Fécamp, Etretat, Harfleur, Honfleur, Barfleur, all these furnish fishermen to industry, and seamen to the navy; not to mention towns like Caen, which are in connexion with the sea, though not absolutely situated upon it. A register is kept by a government official of all the men employed in maritime pursuits in each. They are exempted from the "conscription," in order to be placed in the "inscription." They are drafted away, when wanted, to Cherbourg, or Brest, or Toulon, as the case may be; kept three or four or five years in service, according to state requirements; and dismissed home when no longer needed. But at forty-five years of age, a French sailor, who has served, becomes entitled to a small pension, which advantage—with that of escaping the army—the fishermen may set against the impressment system. One naturally expects that the Normans should be the best French sailors, which is perhaps on the whole true. Nevertheless, I may mention here, that the French naval officers to whom I have explicitly put this question, though all giving the preference to the seamen among their countrymen of the Northern littoral generally, speak as highly of the Breton as of the Norman seaman. The Breton is a little man, but "dur" they say; his hardness getting its edge on rocks where the Atlantic endlessly breaks. But, indeed, you do not find in Normandy, anywhere (not even about Bayeux, and the Bessin, anciently its most Danish part), very marked traces of Scandinavian blood in the people. The Norseman was the noble amongst them, and, while the best of his blood went to enrich England, what was left would, in long centuries, get swamped in the native population. The leaven, however, still gives Normandy some speciality of type, I admit, even now, when centralisation rules everything in France; when you have "Seine Inférieure," "Calvados," &c., dismembering old "Normandie," or "Northman's-land;" and when, except as men of north or south, you find little provincial variety among Frenchmen.

While all Frenchmen are losing individual character, more or less, how should the fishermen retain much of it? I believe, myself, that seamen of all nations resemble each other more than other classes of the people—the seafaring life being a kind of nationality on its own account. So, you would probably think a Norman fisherman very like the fishermen on the other side—good at his business, undoubtedly—a weather-beaten, tawny-faced, meditative kind of



man—less frolicsome than other varieties of the *gens* sailor, and when peculiar, peculiar chiefly in his superstitions. All fishermen are believers in runs of luck—in lucky and unlucky articles.

I remember that, shooting once on the Essex coast, in a boat, the nipple of my gun fouled, and a passing fisherman, whom I asked to lend me a pin, replied that it was "onlucky" to have such a thing aboard; and they are apt to have more serious superstitions. The Church in France—in its sagacious manner—does its best to adapt itself to the nautical mind, as for each variety of mind it has its special treatment. Ascend that charming "Côte de Grace," that woody, ornate, pleasant hill above sea-born Honfleur, and, pausing to breathe in the healthy air, turn in to the little chapel of the Virgin among the trees. The chapel is all nautical. Little ships dangle from the roof, and seem sailing away over the altar. Votive tablets (purely Pagan in origin, let me remark) are there; pictures of vessels labouring in the stormy sea, while the Virgin in a blaze of light promises the safety which is there recognised by the returned mariner. All this is to the French seaman what Saint Nicolas is to the Greek one. The British seaman, though not without his own superstitions, yet believes fervently in God and mainly in the Admiral. "I hope your old commander is in heaven, Jack," said a gentleman to one of Nelson's men. "Well, sir," said Jack, "I don't know who'd keep him out!" This was no blasphemy, we may be sure.

But we shall see the French *matelot* again. Let us get upon the Cherbourg line. Shall we go back to Havre, and take boat again to Caen—three hours' sail? It will be better, I think, to reach our railway across country, and see a little more of the Norman land. The Cherbourg line passes through the very flower of the old Norman towns: towns odorous of history, aristocracy, mediævalism, towns whose bells make a reading man think of Duchesne's folio of Norman chroniclers: of Dudo de St. Quentin, Ordericus Vitalis, William of Poitou, the Roman de Rou, and Sir Francis Palgrave. Like a Roman road, the Cherbourg railway runs through funeral monuments; and the soldier who comes to Cherbourg to invade us may pause to think that in doing so he has to pass over our fathers' bones.

Out of the great routes in Normandy, you have in nearly every case to be content with a very rusty diligence. Off it reels (three ugly horses abreast, jingling with bells, driver in blue blouse and cap, cracking his whip and swearing), over streets execrably stony: then past lines of long, pale poplars, whose leaves shiver in the light, into a country of hill and valley, of wood and green field. It is a pleasant land this, and no wonder our ancestors liked it—the venerable Coke even insisting that Guernsey and Jersey were still *seisin* enough (as the feudalists say) for our claim to it! An Englishman, if he confine himself to the Norman landscape, may still fancy himself at home. Hill and valley are

clothed with the same wood. The friendly little blue-bell peeps out of the roadside banks; the vine which clings to the wooden houses is almost as hungry-looking as in his own colder land. But, chiefly, he is delighted with the orchards which abound in Normandy, and sweeten the air with their healthy smell; for thousands of red apples are still on the trees, though thousands are lying in rich heaps underneath them, and though sixty wagons loaded with the same may be counted at the Bayeux railway station this fine October day. No wonder there is cider everywhere, universal as red wine in the south, and drunk at every table d'hôte both for déjeuner and dinner.

It is a pleasant land, we say, and if we keep our eyes and wits about us in towns and villages, we shall find that it is pushing and thriving, now-a-days, too. At mediæval Rouen, for instance, there is an "Exposition" going on for the encouragement of industry; though Rouen is a great centre of industry, already, and sends the smoke of a swarm of chimneys sailing over the time-honoured towers of her unrivalled churches. Then, there is a movement on foot for the improvement of the breed of Norman horses, and long reports fill the papers about this. The Norman clergy, too, are active in their peculiar way. Wherever I go in Normandy, I find placards on churches and walls regarding a certain "Bienheureux Thomas." Who is Thomas, and why is he *Bienheureux*? Thomas, I discover, is a holy Norman of some centuries back, who, having remained all this time in a pious semi-obscurity, has lately received brevet-rank at Rome and been made a saint. I do not grudge Thomas this promotion, coming (like that of some of my naval friends) very late in the day, and am sorry not to be able to attend the ceremony which the Archbishop of Rouen and other high *grandes* devote to the poor man. That ceremony is chiefly attended by the women, for the men, in those regions, rather shrug their shoulders at the clergy and their affairs.

I have mentioned the Norman women. I cannot say that they strike me as pretty, though their dress, with its high snowy cap, is so picturesque. Sometimes you see a stately, rather long, oval face, with dark eyes and fine nose: a face that might be that of an Eleanor Bohun or an Alice de Clare. But I vainly frequented the markets, and sought among the gigantic yellow gourds, and the heaps of small grapes, for the Arlotta of Falaise who won the heart of old Robert le Diable. They chatted over their stalls, or they came jogging down the streets on their rough ponies, between the panniers which held their cabbages and eggs—and she was not there. They are weather-beaten, too, les Normandes; or, when not tanned by the weather, have turned white and waxy in working over lace.

We reach the desired railway at the ancient spreading town of Lizieux. Like Rouen, this town is at once mediæval and manufacturing. Some of the quaintest old streets in Normandy

slope down its steep; but in the suburbs you see thread factories, and comfortable villas inhabited by Englishmen. There is something in its combination of the ultra-feudal with the ultra-modern which makes one think of Scotch Paistey; but Paisley is not so happy in its site.

We may drink our fill of old memories in these Norman towns. At Rouen, besides the graves of Rollo and of his son, they show the very dust of the heart of Cœur-de-Lion—a few ounces of white ashes, like ivory shavings, in a glass case, and indubitably the remains of the warm heart which beat so high in Syria. At Lizieux, Thomas à Becket lived in exile, and heard mass a score of times in yonder cathedral, where, as usual, they are cleaning and restoring; where there is a bran-new wreath of artificial roses on the head of the Virgin; and where you never enter without seeing a few old women dipping their skinny fists in the holy water, or a smug priest sneaking out of the confessional where he has been hearing the sins of a blooming young damsel in silk. But why talk of these people? Henry the Second of England was married before that altar to beautiful and high-spirited Queen Eleanor, whom the French chroniclers accuse, in their jealous way, of having flirted with a Paynim prince during the Second Crusade. Turning from the cathedral's grey towers, you will do well to descend the Rue des Fèvres, where the quaintest of quaint old wooden-built gabled houses nod to each other over the narrow stony way, threaded as it is, in the centre, by a trickling gutter. A foul, green, quasi-river, haunted by sick willows, crawls through the dense houses of old Lizieux; yet, foul as it is, the women squat on punts in it, to wash and beat clothes in a primitive style.

Leaving Lizieux on our journey, we proceed to Caen, one of the centres of feudal civilisation in old times. In the church of Saint Stephen here lie the remains of William the Conqueror. Caen is a populous cheery Norman town, set in a beautiful low-lying country, and fringed with a border of woody and leafy public walks. It is connected with the sea, and a decent sprinkling of small craft employed in the coasting trade may generally be seen alongside its modest wharves, looked down on by the Abbaye-aux-Dames founded by the Conqueror's Queen. Our countrymen much affect Caen, and have a little colony there, attracted by good air, cheap house-rent, and cheap schooling. For myself, I never sympathised with this genteel but ignoble kind of exile, to which nothing short of outlawry will ever drive me. Poor Brummell died at Caen, and, though hardly knowing why, one visits his grave after William the Conqueror's! They were both kings, at different times (with some difference of significance in the fact), of the great world of London. He ought to have an epigram for his epitaph, the dandy; but he slumbers under a common-place "George Brummell, Esq."

From Caen it is but a half-hour's run to Bayeux. The Cherbourg railway has only a

single line of rails, we may remark as we go. An English engineer who knew it well observed that it created an endless fluster among the railway officials to have to convey sixty or seventy cattle, deducing therefrom satisfactory inferences as to the job they would find it to undertake the transport of some thousands of troops.

Bayeux is another famous old Norman city connected with our history. Here is the world-renowned tapestry, which an English lady whom I met in travelling fancied (O shade of Queen Matilda!) had been that on view in Leicester-square! Here is another cathedral of antique dignity and beauty. But above all (as hinted before) Bayeux and its district was the most Danish part of Normandy. Beyond this station lies a part of the country from which came to our own the races of Bacon, of Bohun, and of Bruce. What great things—what a variety of great things—that sea-blood has done! Is it the salt in it, I wonder, that keeps it so fresh and wholesome?

While wandering thus from town to town, the tourist meets a constant succession of Frenchmen to study, batch following batch, like the plats at the table d'hôte. Does he encounter personal civility, notwithstanding the fury which is supposed to rage against us, peculiarly, at the present time? My experience says decidedly yes, and I shall give some emphatic instances of it by-and-by. The nations differ too markedly ever to love one another; and there are memories which *they* can never reconcile themselves to; and just now France feels very strong and fidgets under our great freedom of public comment. But it is a gross exaggeration to say of Normandy, whatever may be said of Paris, that an individual Englishman or Scotsman sees overt signs of national hostility. Things are not come, happily, to any such pass, and it is your own fault if you encounter anything but politeness, a readiness to exchange civilities, and even to form casual acquaintanceships, marvellously like friendships. The men of business are all pacific, as you may learn from the invariable "commercial traveller." The French bagman wants, indeed, that solidity of political conviction, as he wants that appetite for bottled stout, which distinguishes his British rival. He is a more frivolous man, and throws away the intellect which in our land pronounces on parties and statesmen, upon the levities of the feuilleton and the theatre. When he dabbles in la chasse he goes out for five hours and brings home a brace of larks. He is vain of his personal appearance, and will chat to a man whom he never saw before about his amours. Doubtless, he fancies himself ready to rush (if needed) upon her Majesty's troops. But it would be unjust to deny that he is courteous in his manner and pacific in his views as a general rule. Then, again, turn into the little cottage—a comfortable one, I am glad to say, for the most part—of the Norman peasant. There is a shower of rain, or you want to ask your way, and you step across his humble threshold into a little room

stuck over with cheap prints—lined in the ceiling with small cheeses—adorned by a glass case, like a surgeon's bottle, containing frogs, for he judges of the weather by their rising and falling in the water. Well, the peasant will offer you cider, and bring out, too, one of the expansive loaves of his duskyish but wholesome bread. I made a diversion by diligence from Rouen to Gournay, once the seat of the great chiefs of Gournay, from whom descended the Gurneys and Mrs. Fry. A peasant in blue blouse, who was in the banquettes with me, sang Béranger's "*Roi d'Yvetot*," expressly to please the stranger, and admirably well, too, albeit another traveller hinted to him that Béranger was "*défendu*" in France. All this kind of thing ought to be allowed for, and it would be unfair in me not to mention it just now.

But to our train again, which goes whistling away from Bayeux—not very fast—on its road. We are now carried out of the department of Calvados into that of La Manche, and we enter on the old "*Cotentin*"—the picturesque section of "*Basse Normandie*" in which lies the seaport, our destination. At Carentan, where Bishop Serlo clipped the too long hair of our Henry the First and his "swells," we seem to smell the sea at a few miles' distance. The coast along towards the north-west, towards Barfleur and La Hogue, is esteemed particularly beautiful; long sands stretching first, and then a rocky rampart rising bold and variously over the sea line. La Hogue was the scene of our naval glory against Tourville in sixteen ninety-two, when Louis the Fourteenth was aiming at a French despotism in things European, such as neither our pride nor our policy will ever permit. They say, that even now, in the high tides of spring and autumn, and when the wind and waves burst mightily on these shores, the fishermen find some débris of the wreck of Tourville's fleet, and that rusty English cannon-balls wash out of the sand.

We have been running through a pleasant and varied landscape meanwhile, and one rich still in associations. We have crossed long, flat, green meadows, very moist in rainy weather, when they overflow, and dotted with jolly-looking red kine; through bits of English landscape (as in Upper Normandy), full of hedged fields, orchards, and waving woods. The village of Brix or Brus, cradle of the race of the great King Robert, has been visible away on the sky line to our right. Many a troop of English cavaliers and English archers—the men of Chaucer and of Froissart—have defiled, with their banners flying, adown these wooded hills in the fierce Plantagenet wars. And now the landscape becomes wilder, as at home when we fly northward and get out of the midland counties. We pass through rocky valleys clothed with fir and pine, and leave altogether behind us the hasty yellow waters of the little Ouve. We could fancy ourselves in Scotland, but we miss the frequent ruin and frequent country seat, significant of a land which is prosperous now,

without (like France) having broken with its past or its institutions. At last we run right through a cleft between two valleys, and the passage brings us out at the station of Cherbourg, at the back of the town. A huge clump of a hill is behind us; trees planted to make shady alleys and walks are near, amidst the rather mean-looking suburbs of what we yet see to be a considerable place. Leaving the station, we begin to espy the masts in the commercial basin, and to get a distant glimpse of forts near which we *feel* there is the sea. A wide-spread, white-looking town, of irregular shape and build, is on our left; and, plunging into it, we find ourselves in Cherbourg, the only spot as yet where we have had (be it said in passing) to show our passport since Havre. What sort of place Cherbourg is my reader shall hear pretty fully anon.

#### ROYAL NAVAL VOLUNTEERS.

It must often have struck our readers as curious that the freest country in the world should have retained till the other day one of the oldest feudal engines of power. We allude to the power of impressment, which lasted in the navy long after the army had contrived to dispense with it, and which, according to some authorities, is still legal—however impracticable. Impressment is, or was, based on the ancient principle, that the obligations of war being paramount, the king could compel men to serve during a war. So far back as 1181, Henry the Second commanded the justices-itinerant to declare in each county that no one should induce "any seamen to go out of England." The king wanted them for himself, for the quaint old one-masted galleys, busses, and dromons, which constituted the early English navy. The right claimed by Henry the Second was equally claimed, six hundred years after, by George the Third.

The peculiar difficulty which forced our sovereigns to exercise this right arose from our peculiar maritime character. A soldier enlisted to serve the crown has no other market but the crown's to offer himself in. A sailor has always had that mercantile marine which has interchanged good offices with the navy from the first. The merchant service has supplied men, the navy has protected the merchant service. Without each other they could not exist. We are commercial because naval, and naval because commercial. But the warlike nature of early history also shows that the fighting element must have been the earliest. The Viking roved for roving's sake, fighting for fighting's sake as he went along. In doing so, he learned the commercial value of foreign communication, and there came a generation which roved to trade. For a while the fighting and trading elements combined—the skipper carried arms to protect his venture. But war grew scientific before trade did, and asserted itself as the superior nautical power. If England has acquired and kept colonies and commerce, it has been because she has had a strong arm to protect them, to open up channels

for them. Let us not be too hard on our ancestors for the rough-and-ready ways in which they were forced to meet the difficulties of their position. We are not quite sure yet whether we have devised a substitute; but we hope that such will be found in the new institution of a Reserve Force of Royal Naval Volunteers.

What is the gist of the project, in a sentence? It is this: To attract, by offering advantages, a reserve of thirty thousand trained men ready on an emergency to serve in Her Majesty's fleet.

Such schemes are not now propounded for the first time. The "Coast Volunteer" Bill of 1853 was similar in principle. It bid for ten thousand volunteers, subject to twenty-eight days' training a year, and entitled to able seamen's pay while at drill or in service. The proof that it did not secure all the objects of defence in view, is the necessity for the much more extensive plan; of which we here propose to give an analysis.

Her Majesty then invites Jack, while in the prime of his life (before thirty, if possible, and not later than at thirty-five—too small a limit, we think), to enrol himself as willing to turn out upon proclamation, on the following conditions:

He must be a British subject of sound health and good character. He must prove that he has been five years out of the last ten at sea, one year of them as able seaman. It would be preferred that he had a fixed residence, and was personally known to the shipping-master; or that he was regularly employed coasting, or in short voyages to and from the same port. He may be a discharged man-of-war's man of good character without pension, but he must not be a pensioner, or already bound to serve. No soldier or militiaman is eligible to be a volunteer, nor will any volunteer be permitted to enlist in army, militia, or "coast volunteers."

So much for his qualifications. Let us now see how he is to be enrolled.

The authorities rely much on the shipping-master of each port in this matter. He is to communicate freely with the coast-guard and customs officers of his district, to make the scheme well known about among seamen, to inform each candidate of all the details necessary for him to know, and put him in the way of being medically examined, &c. He is to forward the necessary forms, when signed, respecting such examinations to the Registrar-General of Seamen in London, who, if all is right, will at once return the volunteer's certificate.

Supposing the volunteer duly eligible and enrolled, the first condition required of him is to present himself before a shipping-master every six months. He cannot, therefore, undertake voyages of more than six months without leave, and he must inform the shipping-master of every engagement for a voyage that he makes. To break these regulations, aimed expressly at securing the essential conditions of a reserve, will subject the volunteer to the loss of his place in the reserve.

Our volunteer next undertakes to submit to twenty-eight days' drill per annum at great guns and small arms. He may break the time, and may vary the place of such drill to suit his convenience, but he must drill for not less than a week at each period. The Admiralty pledges itself to do all it can to suit the time and place of drill to the convenience of the men. A volunteer must consult the shipping-master when he wants to take his turn at it, and, if need be, his travelling expenses will be paid. During the time of drill his pay, victualling, bedding, and mess-traps will be the same as those of the seamen of the navy, to whose discipline (deliberately made as little irksome as possible) he will, while drilling, be liable. A qualified man may be rated as A.B.—able seaman—and on actual service in the fleet, would, if so, be eligible to higher ratings. Penalties are, of course, provided for making away with arms, clothing, or stores, as well as for absence without excuse from the proper drill of each twelvemonth.

The retainer, in consideration of which Jack is expected to comply with these regulations, will be six pounds a year—payable quarterly. When absolutely employed in the fleet—being summoned by proclamation on an emergency—the retainer is discontinued, because then he has his naval pay. But should the navy dispense with his services, before the expiration of five years from the date of his certificate, the retainer becomes again payable. The retainer may be lost by inexcusable absence, without leave, for more than six months; and will be suspended during absence with leave, beyond six months, unless the volunteer bargains to be liable to serve while abroad.

Let us now glance at the service in the navy to which every volunteer so enrolled, drilled, and paid, will be liable.

The reserve is expressly intended for emergencies; for occasions when a sudden increase of the naval force of the country is necessary. A foreign potentate shows signs of intending immediate mischief; England blazes up; and out comes a royal proclamation summoning the Royal Naval Volunteers. Forthwith our friends must present themselves to the nearest naval officer, or shipping-master, for instructions. If abroad—unless he has been called on to serve there—his liability to serve will commence when he reaches home. Tide-surveyors or other customs officers will give notice to all vessels coming in, that the proclamation is out, and that now is the time for Jack to pay the price of his retainer, and show the effects of his drill, under the pendant. When once aboard a man-of-war, he will rank in point of pay and allowances with continuous service seamen or petty officers of the same rating. He will be required to serve for three years, but should there be war at the end of that time, he may be called on to serve two years more, receiving in compensation an extra 2d. a day. With five years his compulsory service ends, though of course he may enter again as a volunteer if he pleases; and under ordinary circumstances he



may leave the reserve if he pleases, at the end of any five years. His retainer stops while he is actually receiving pay afloat; but if discharged before five years, he is to be paid it, whilst liable for recall to the service. Should he be kept five years afloat, he must enter again as volunteer, before again receiving the retainer.

Touching pensions, a sum is to be set aside, annually, beyond and above the six pounds, to provide one for each volunteer. In no case will such pensions be less than twelve pounds. The volunteer becomes entitled to it, if he enters before thirty, in twenty years, and if he enters above thirty, in fifteen. To earn a pension he must remain a volunteer continuously; but when called out for actual service, his time will count double. Volunteers who have been ten years in the reserve, or three years in the navy, become entitled to all the benefits of Greenwich Hospital.

Such is a—necessarily—condensed description of the plans by which our Admiralty propose to raise a reserve absolutely necessary to our navy; but which, when secured, will do away with the manning difficulty and extinguish the very memory of impressment. It remains to be seen how it will work; and on this point the obscurity of the subject makes it hazardous to give a decided opinion. Terms so liberal have never before been offered to our seamen. All the coasting trade, Baltic, Mediterranean, and North American trade may now secure a sum annually, taking in the extra pay during training, and the prospect of pension, of something like nine pounds a year, not to mention the chances of the coast-guard and of Greenwich Hospital. It is only proposed in return for this, that they should submit during a period when they must necessarily be ashore (with extra pay for that) to such a drill as is now voluntarily submitted to gratis by thousands of well-employed people in the rifle corps, and that they should be liable to serve in the best seamen's positions in the navy in case of a contingency which can only mean a war, and which, in any case, would stop all mercantile traffic afloat, till our squadrons were ready to protect merchant ships.

Can it be that the navy is so unpopular as to blind the eyes of the best seamen of Great Britain to the advantages offered them by a plan like this?

We trust not. One obstacle to the formation of a regular system of manning hitherto, has been the ingrained Bohemianism of Jack, with which we won't quarrel much, as it is an element in his value, but which has made it a very difficult job to lay hold of him and organise him. But he is now becoming a more domesticated creature. He is seen at sailors' homes. He has a shrewd eye to the main chance. He has sometimes been known to prefer coffee to grog, even though his failings in the latter department are never to be wholly eradicated. The Registration System, the Coast Volunteer System, the naval improvements making life more comfortable in a man-of-war, all these are signs of an era which means to try and annex him, in

a friendly way, and not at all in a canting way, to its general civilisation. Let him join it, like a good man and a good fellow. The shipping masters are longing for him.

## HALF THE YEAR ROUND.\*

### JULY.

GRATEFUL and lovely, through the leafy glade,  
When day is at its sultriest, heaviest heat,  
When birds scarce twitter in the noontide shade,  
And the slow herds seek out some cool retreat,  
Comes the rich mother of the harvest sheaves,  
Bearing her first-fruits on her ample breast;  
Spear'd barley, wheat, and grapes in tinted leaves,  
To lay them on God's altar, ripe and blest—  
Thank-offering to the Bountiful, who gives  
The fertile sunshine and the softening rain,  
The Father, Lord, of everything that lives,  
Without whose blessing men would sow in vain.  
Look up, O Mother! holy are thy tears,  
And sweet thy hymn of praise in heavenly ears.

### AUGUST.

"The Earth and all its fulness are the Lord's;  
Men but the stewards of his bounteous trust!"  
Glows on thy purple robe in living words,  
Though greed would tread them out in sordid dust:  
Enough to garner in the rich man's store,  
Enough to give the reaper ample hire,  
Enough to feed the meek and patient poor,  
Enough for every Christian heart's desire.  
God stints not. On the russet sea,  
Ripe waving in the rich and gracious sun,  
On gorgeous heathland, and on fertile lea,  
Nature breathes gratefully, "His will be done!"  
"His will be done!" let thankful men reply,  
"All praise and glory to the Lord most high!"

### SEPTEMBER.

The fields are ripe, the golden garners teem,  
The patient hind rejoices on his way;  
From upland furrow and by lowland stream  
The reapers gather all the livelong day.  
Hoarding the master's wealth with faithful hand,  
Through noontide hours unwearied toil they on,  
A smart and rough, yet honest-hearted band,  
Hoping no quiet till Life's task is done;  
When the Last Gleaner, Death, of every grain,  
Strewn in the trenches where Time is no more,  
Shall bind his sheaves and bear them back again,  
To the great Sower whence they came before—  
To bloom in fields eternal, where no care  
Shall vex their long-sought rest with life's despair.

### OCTOBER.

Royally vested, o'er the solemn wolds,  
When nature rests, the great ingathering done,  
Sweeping in robes of heather-purple folds,  
Diademed with fire-red rays of setting sun,  
October hastens, swift on Summer's track,  
To touch her rose-flushed cheeks with hue embrowned,  
To gird her robes for Winter's coming wrack,  
Whose earliest victims wither on the ground.  
Then veils he her in frosted mist and white,  
And, quick of mood, begins a wanton chase;  
Spurns all the fallen glories out of sight,  
With frolic, north-blown song, and revelling face;  
Then shakes the branches, showers down the leaves,  
While for each dying flower some dryad grieves.

\* See page 181 of the first volume.

## NOVEMBER.

Creeping along the shallow, sedge way,  
Where the tall rushes rear their phantom ranks,  
Comes pale November, clad in mournful grey,  
And weeping on the sunless river banks—  
A shrouded form, all indistinct and wan,  
That shivers in the noisome, sighing wind,  
And, wraith-like, glides amongst the homes of man,  
Bringing sharp memories of past days unkind,  
Recalling harsh misfortune, hours of gloom,  
When the thick mists no break of heaven showed;  
Or hovering, a predestiny of doom,  
O'er faithless eyes that cannot pierce the cloud.  
Blanks on the wall where misery can but pray,  
That God and Time will take its sting away.

## DECEMBER.

Loud rings the blast across the eerie wold,  
Sharp strikes the storm against the window pane;  
Rich men, warm sheltered from the biting cold,  
Think of the poor out in the icy rain!  
Pile your fire high, gather your dearest kin,  
Laugh and rejoice in the sweet light of home,  
But turn not all your treasures into sin,  
By driving thence the waifs of life's wild foam,  
Drift that the tide casts helpless at your feet,  
Pleading an alms of mercy from your hand.  
Do as did He whom great and small must meet  
Beyond the confines of the silent land;  
For hark! His voice sounds ever and again,  
"Peace upon earth, and good will unto men!"

OUR EYE-WITNESS AND CERTAIN  
STORY-TELLERS.

OH, for something new under the sun! Some new amusement, some new experience! Oh, for some bill of an entertainment which shall not comprise the turning into ridicule, in vile burlesque, of stories by which our sympathies have been rightly and nobly appealed to all our lives long! Oh, for an end to the reign of female pertness as a stock article by which the purveyors of public amusements may always feel sure of filling a house! Oh, for less hornpipe dancing by young ladies dressed as stage sailors! Oh, for some new thing to give life a zest! Oh—Why, what's this?

BEDFORD HEAD TAVERN,  
Upper Royal-street, Freshbury,  
Proprietor, George Cooing.

THE  
STORY-TELLERS,

EVERY

Sunday Evening.

First Story at Eight o'clock.

The Eye-witness was walking through the thoroughfare called Upper Royal-street, and was soliloquising in the words with which this report begins, when happening to look up at the moment of passing the Bedford Head Tavern—what is a Bedford head?—he observed a great green-lettered bill in the window of the tavern in question, and, on pausing to read it, found that it announced what has been printed above.

The Story-tellers! Was the Eye-witness in the East? was he among Bedouin Arabs, or in Freshbury, London? Was this some strange club that met together to listen to stories; and if so, who

told them? Did they draw lots which of the members was to relate an experience? Was it a public thing, where any person present might be suddenly pounced upon and compelled to tell an anecdote, whether he knew one or not? And this was only Tuesday, and it would be necessary to wait nearly a week before any of these questions could be decided!

For your Eye-witness had not stood staring at that bill two seconds, before he had quite determined in his own mind that he would attend the very next meeting of the Story-tellers, come of it what might. No risk of being expected to tell a story himself should deter him. He would learn one by heart, he would revenge himself on society for what he had gone through in old Longyarn's company, by relating one of that gentleman's most prolix narratives; in a word, he would do anything rather than not be present on the very next occasion of the assembling together of the Story-tellers.

So dreadfully afraid was the E.-W. that something would happen to frustrate his intention; that the Story-tellers would give up their sances, that the Bedford Head would be prematurely cut off, or that some other horror would occur to put an end to these meetings, that he made it his practice (at great inconvenience) to pass through Upper Royal-street every day, to see if the bill was still up in the windows.

The Bedford Head Tavern might, by some matter-of-fact persons, be called (saving the reader's presence) a public-house. It has a bar—and a very nice thing a bar is—it has a parlour; it has a secret retreat behind the bar for the landlord and landlady, and occasionally for the party in ribbons and the gross youth with his shirt sleeves tucked up and a short apron, who works the German silver handles; this retreat is inaccessible except by jumping over the bar; it is windowless and air-proof, and yet its inhabitants look well and happy enough for anything.

"What's for you?" said the gross youth, holding a glass in one hand and a beer-handle in the other, as the E.-W. approached the bar to inquire for the head-quarters of the Story-tellers. There was a dark passage visible near the entrance to the parlour, and dim visions in its innermost depths of a steep wooden staircase.

"What's for you sir?"

"Story-tellers," answered the Eye-witness, as if he was giving an order.

"Refreshment ticket," said he of the short apron, rapidly—"refreshment ticket, fourpence, have what you like, up-stairs, first-floor."

Refreshment and Story-telling all for fourpence! What a mercifully economical entertainment! Oh, noble landlord! oh, philanthropic Cooing, may you prosper for this!

Following the advice of the gentleman with the rolled shirt-sleeves, and ascending the steep wooden staircase before mentioned, the E.-W. soon found himself in a large upper room, over that bar of which affectionate mention has just

been made. It was a curiously shaped room, with a bulkhead sort of projection in the middle which contained the staircase. Opposite to this bulkhead was a rude sort of platform apparently made of packing-cases. A high-backed chair was placed in the centre of the platform, and before the chair a little round table with an auctioneer's hammer upon it. The rest of the apartment was furnished with tables and forms packed together as closely as possible and interspersed with wooden chairs of the Windsor pattern. Taking a seat exactly opposite the platform, in order that nothing might escape him, and ordering a glass of brandy-and-water, the E.-W. set himself to watch the proceedings, and, as at first there were no proceedings to watch, to examine the audience. It seemed to consist chiefly of mechanics and workmen with their wives. Some of these last had brought their babies with them, possibly from not knowing what else to do with them, and one woman, perhaps for a similar reason, had introduced her dog into the assembly, a little black and tan terrier of a very shabby type, which lay at her feet half covered with sawdust. The room was already well filled, and was at last as full as it could be. The audience was well behaved and orderly, and, perhaps, the person of the highest grade in the room would be the errand clerk at an attorney's office.

After about half an hour's waiting, and after many throes of anxiety lest he should even yet be disappointed; after listening to so many orders for old ale, and mild ale, and mixed ale, as made him feel bilious by deputy; after some unpleasant reflections on the nature of the atmosphere, which was so completely composed of tobacco smoke that you might have cut it into solid blocks with a hatchet; after noting the captain-looking man who wore a suspicious aspect with a long pipe depressing the corner of his mouth, and the man who looked (as will often happen with our fellow-countrymen of this class) as if he were ashamed of being in a place of amusement, and by his looks disparaged the entertainment before it began for being an entertainment; after observing the patient little mechanic with his large family and the long endurance, who is also happily often to be seen in this country, and who is ready to put up with whatever is given him, to stare, and wonder, and not understanding anything that is going on, to be pleased all the same; after observing all these things for some time, your Eye-witness began to hunger for the event of the evening, and to get exceeding fidgety and impatient.

It comes, however, at last. The moment has arrived which is to clear up the mighty mystery of the Story-tellers. There is a sudden hush, a general turning of eyes towards the door. The little mechanic looks up from behind a baby, highly interested (both of them), the man who is determined not to be amused pretends not to look, the suspicious man changes his pipe to the other corner of his mouth, in order that he may bring his eyes to bear upon the door—for it is

part of his nature that his eyes are always turned to the side on which his pipe is not; all these things indicate that some great portent is at hand, and indicate it truly, for in another instant the landlord of the Bedford Head has scuttled briskly into the room escorting in the most courteous manner—a lady! Your Eye-witness sank back in his Windsor chair, and drew a long, deep breath. So, this was the end of it. Always something one had not prepared for. A lady! a plump lady of the type called “professional,” a shrewd, plump lady of about five-and-thirty, well dressed, with a good, intelligent face, and nerve enough to ascend the platform and take the chair, right under the gas; and, without the slightest encouragement or applause from the company, to clear her throat and plunge at once into the business of the evening.

The little mechanic involved himself in such entanglements with his large children, in his endeavours so to place them that they could see the professional lady, that he became perfectly invisible himself, and could only be detected (by sharp scrutiny) at rare intervals, when a child tumbled down, or otherwise changed its position; the man who was determined not to be amused, turned his back on the platform, and looked disparagingly and gloomily upon the company; and the suspicious man, finding it necessary to turn his eyes away from the door again, and towards the professional lady, shifted his pipe again as he made the optical change just mentioned, and moved no more.

If it was the opinion of the Prince of Denmark that there were more things in heaven and earth than were dreamt of in his friend's philosophy. What a strange state of things was here! In whose philosophy has this ever been dreamt of, that every week an assembly of persons come together in this manner to listen eagerly to a series of stories which reach them more easily when thus brought before them, than when coming home to them in print? It not being with many of them a matter of such facility to read as we are apt to imagine, judging by ourselves.

The story itself, as related by the professional lady, was a sort of make-up from a French tale. It was about a young surgeon and an actress, who, coming out at Paris, and making a great sensation, causes the medical youth to fall desperately in love with her. It also happens that the charms of the *débutante* (pronounced by the story-teller *deputant*) have a similar effect upon a more distinguished personage, who is indeed no other than the Prince de Condé (the last word being pronounced Cond.) This state of things naturally brings about many remarkable results, the surgeon being employed by the Prince de Condé, who is in ignorance of his passion, to attend professionally on the *deputant* and being further stimulated to do his very best for her, by a cheque for a large amount, bearing the prince's signature, which the young surgeon finds upon his table. It is curious to observe how fond people, who have not five shillings to

bless themselves with, are of dealing when they get into the realms of fiction with cheques to a large amount, scattering them about plentifully enough, and making them over, with the greatest liberality, to anybody who will have them. On one occasion, when the fever of the deputant is at its height, our medical friend, on going to her lodgings to pay his accustomed visit, finds the room empty, and the invalid flown. The extraordinary nature of this proceeding is, we must suppose, the means of so far unsettling his mind as to a little blunt the acuteness of his sense of honour, for, upon perceiving a note lying on the bed, directed to the deputant, we find that he takes it up and reads it, justifying this step to himself by reflecting that he is a medical man, a piece of reasoning in which we find it difficult to follow him, and which seems to suggest the necessity of a lock and key to one's desk whenever medical attendance may become necessary.

The letter which thus falls into our surgeon's hands proving to be an anonymous communication, by which the deputant is exhorted to be present, at all hazards, at the theatre that very night, sends the young surgeon off with a hop skip and a jump to the Porte Saint-Martin, where he besieges that most inaccessible of places, a stage door, with but indifferent success. And here, again, we find the liberality of our Story-teller coming out again, the young surgeon scattering five-franc pieces about in all directions in his wish to secure the good offices of the doorkeeper and his assistants. After sending message after message to the deputant, and all of them in vain, the surgeon abandons the attempt, and, going round to the front, takes his usual place in the pit, a proceeding on the success of which every one who remembers what a French pit and its crammed condition invariably are, will not fail warmly to congratulate him. The first person whom our medical friend perceives in the theatre is the Prince de Cond in a stage-box, and, sad to say, in intimate conversation with a Russian princess of inconceivable beauty. The reader will recognise the story when it is further mentioned that upon the drawing up of the curtain the deputant acts the story of her own life, and when she dies at the end of the piece, does really die, then and there, before the public.

Such is the brief outline of the story with which the professional lady opened the evening's entertainment. It lasted about half an hour, and left the audience thoroughly mystified and bewildered. The interval which elapsed between this narration and that which was to succeed was spent by the E.-W. in endeavouring to extract from a weak young man, with an uncontrollable smile, who sat next him, such information about the Story-tellers as this youth was able, in the intervals of smiling, to impart. From the evidence of this embarrassed personage, he gathered that these weekly meetings had been going on for many months, that it was a successful speculation, that this was the first evening on which a lady had appeared (more female occupation developing itself!), and that on pre-

vious occasions two gentlemen had entertained the company on alternate Sundays; "as you might say," the young man added, "turn and turn about."

It appeared in a few minutes that the serious and comic stories were also administered "turn and turn about," for when the professional lady again took her seat upon the platform, it was to enliven the company with a tale of an hilarious nature.

Concerning this narration it is the intention of your Eye-witness to say as little as he possibly can. It would be impossible to conceive of anything more dreary than its mirth or more complete than its success. When the hideous fact has been mentioned that the name of the hero of the tale was Mr. Piminy Scuffles, enough, let us hope, has been said to convince the reader of the appalling nature of comedy among the Story-tellers, and to exonerate the writer from reviving the recollection of his sufferings during the progress of this terrible narrative.

From the moment when the man who had determined not to be amused made the discovery that he was intended to laugh at the history of Mr. Piminy Scuffles, his face became a sight to behold. Steadily averting all countenance and support from the professional lady by still keeping his back to her, even at great personal inconvenience, this gentleman went through a series of convulsions in his efforts to suppress the explosions of laughter in which the rest of the company indulged so freely that they made the glasses ring upon the table. The throes of this unfortunate man in his efforts to repress the strong tendency he felt to enjoy himself became every moment more terrible to behold. As for the rest, their reception of this story was one of the most remarkable things ever beheld by your Eye-witness. They screamed, they rolled upon the benches, the young man with the smile laughed so much that he was obliged to get up from his seat and lean against the wall, and as to the little mechanic, what with much clawing by his children, what with the rarely known enjoyment of a little hot gin-and-water, and what with laughter to a fearful excess, he became so moist and clammy that his very substance seemed to ooze out of the pores of his skin, and your Eye-witness will wager a refreshment-ticket of admission to the "Story-tellers," that he went out of that institution a lighter and a weaker man. It is useless to conceal the fact that the little man had everything to apprehend on getting outside from the grim and bony matron who bore his name, and who sitting, unmoved by tragedy or comedy, behind her husband, would, at those moments when his delight was at the highest, punch him severely between the shoulder-blades with the handle of her umbrella.

The Eye-witness is at the end of his report. After the second retirement of the professional lady at the termination of the comic story, and after a due interval allowed for the discussion which now as on the conclusion of the previous narrative took place among the company as to the merits of what they had heard—after these



things, the E.-W. recommenced his cross-examination of the young man with the sniie. Finding that there was yet another story due—the allowance being three per evening—finding also that the sense of suffocation with which he had commenced the evening had not subsided, and that his nerves were in such a state of tension that he could no longer meet the eye of the baby opposite—he came to the determination that it was time to go. That baby opposite had never for one moment ceased to glare at the Eye-witness, and was now sitting bolt upright in its mother's lap, and dying (hard) of tobacco-smoke.

### PORK.

A NOTICE of the pig and his pork naturally follows the history of the rise and progress of British mutton;\* although, in the order of civilisation, the pig precedes the sheep, being an animal well able to get his own living, and take a part in semi-savage life, while the sheep demands daily care, "fresh fields and pastures new."

At least half the theories about pig breeding, and the tales on which the theories are founded, are without any solid foundation, and some of the most universally received statements are open to doubt. For instance, the popular notion that the domestic pig is a descendant from the wild boar, is contradicted by all existing evidence. The original of domestic cattle, of sheep, horses, and of camels, has never been found in a wild state. The wild white cattle of Tankerville Park are as wild now as they were two centuries ago; and we share the opinion of very good authorities that domestic breeds of most animals, pigs included, have existed as long as domestic man.

The wild boar is everything that a profitable hog should not be. He is long in the head, high in the hand and spring, wonderfully deficient in hams and flitches; he is active, bony, and has more hide and bristles than good meat. It is quite possible to imagine a gradual improvement that would soften his hide and mollify his bristles; but it is difficult to conceive that, in a less civilised and settled age than the present, hog breeders devoted themselves from generation to generation to breeding wild hogs into shape and tameness, and much more probable that a better shaped tameable breed has always existed. It is a significant fact that, in those very countries where the wild hog is still plentiful in the woods, there is to be found a domesticated, or semi-domesticated pig, of an entirely different character from the one who enjoys a savage roving life on chesnuts and acorns of Germany, of Servia, and the other pig-breeding Danubian Provinces.

Hogs are grown for pork and hams and bacon and sausages; also, in certain parts of Europe, for hides and bristles alone. Fat these latter breeds don't produce at all. It is not on bacon that the Burlington Arcade hair-brushes are grown. The best bristles thrive upon very

lean soil. The English hog is grown for his meat only. His hide and bristles are not counted in calculating his value, and our large experience in this branch of live stock does not register one instance of skinning any British pig that had died a butcher's death. There is every reason to believe that from the earliest times recorded in history, herds of a very good sort of pig for the purpose were kept by our British and Saxon ancestors in those districts where acorn and other mast-bearing trees abounded. It is probable that these pigs were both black and white; white in the north, black in the south. Occasionally an alliance was formed with the wild-boar breed, and then a red pig was the result. But Germany, from north to south, possesses a large breed of white pigs, known as the Podolian; which, although coarse, are not the least like a wild boar. The French Crayonnaise is a variety of the German, and is best variety. The black and white pig of the old English style may be seen admirably delineated in our old friend Bewick's Quadrupeds—large framed, coarse, prolific—but making good bacon, and plenty of it, when fat: such flitches as no wild boar could produce. He remained in favour until the march of agriculture, and the axioms of Bakewell, of Dishley, demanded a better animal, and this was produced by crosses of a pig from the East and a pig from the South of Europe—two valuable immigrants in the early part of the present century.

In the memory of people of the present generation who have not begun to grow grey or eschew fox-hunting, the long, flat-sided, herring-backed, flop-eared, much-bristled, thick-skinned, slow-fattening, endless consumer of food, drawn by Bewick, was to be found in almost every county in England; while, in Ireland thirty years ago, a black monster of the same form was the great rent payer of that distracted island; consequently, to be seen in thousands daily passing from the quays of Bristol and Liverpool in a half-grown state, to be finished on the richer English food. But the famine year in Ireland destroyed the greater number of these unprofitable brutes, and the rest have been so extinguished by crosses with superior English tribes, that, at the present day, whole cargoes of Irish pigs are exported, models of piggyish symmetry. The English animal of the same sort, that afforded us, in petticoat days, many a racing gallop from the home-field to the pigsties (sitting the reverse way, and holding on hard by the long curly tail), has almost disappeared under the influence of Bakewellian innovation.

Indeed at present, although books devoted to the subject attempt to describe a vast number of breeds, there are not really above four or five tribes worth noticing, and not perhaps more than two or three breeds. Every one smitten with the noble ambition of being a prize winner gives his collection a name. Thus we have Coleshill, Bushy, Windsor, the Brown, the Jones, and the Robinson breed; but, with a few exceptions, the differences, if any, are of size and colour. There are large breeds nearly

\* See page 57.

as large and as hairy as Welsh, Scotch, or Hereford cows, and there are small breeds small enough to be carried in a reticule, and these are the only two distinctions admitted in entries for prizes at breeding and fat-stock shows. But there are also black pigs and white pigs, which ought not to be classed together, for the simple reason that in one part of the country a black, and in another a white, is almost unsaleable at its pork value; it would seem that a judge accustomed to the one cannot, without a pang, give a prize to the other colour.

The large white Yorkshire pig is a wonderful animal where the price of food is the question. Gigantic specimens are to be found, perfect in symmetry and quality; but extra size takes extra time to grow. The northern counties favour large hogs; and, therefore, we have Cumberlands and Lancashires which it is difficult, if not impossible, to distinguish from the Yorkshire. Of all these we may say that, considering their size, they are very apt to fatten, and a wonderful improvement on the farm-yard monster of Bewick's time. Travelling south, in the dairy farms of Berkshire and Wiltshire, is to be found a large black, or nearly black, hog, which claims to be an aboriginal production. The fame of the Berkshire hog goes back beyond the time of Doomsday. Originally, he too was a monster in size, and coarseness of bone and skin. Agricultural reform, and, probably, an intermixture of foreign blood, has reduced his dimensions, but left him plenty of size, and that fine quality which makes Berkshire streaky bacon so famous, and worthy to be placed on the same footing as Yorkshire hams. Rivalry between ham and bacon is, of course, impossible.

The modern Yorkshire hog is white, with now and then a few black or grey spots. The modern Berkshire is not so large as a Yorkshire. He has a white mark on each shoulder, a white spot on his nose, and four white feet; all the rest is black: when in perfection, he is covered with long, soft, silky hair. The most successful breeder of Berkshires, a Wiltshire man, and manufacturer of Cheddar cheese, has almost solved the problem of "how to make a silk purse out of a sow's ear." The Hampshire hog is a coarse relative of the Berkshire; all black. Now between the Berks and Hants blacks, and the Yorkshire whites, and the wild boar rusty reds, all the breeds of England may be accounted for, if allowance be made for the influence of foreign importations. It is true that almost every country claims a breed of its own—Norfolk, Suffolk, and Sussex, as well as Cumberland, Lancashire, Leicester, Oxford, Middlesex, and Gloucester, but, as Mr. Sidney has shown in his Pig book, these names are given to pigs of both colours, parti-colours, and all sizes. Size may be dismissed at once as not a distinction, because wherever there has been a large breed or tribe, it has always been found possible to create a small one of similar characteristics. Thus, there are small Yorkshire as well as large

and small Berkshire; while Essex began small, and have lately grown large.

The fact is, that in pig breeding, as in Short-horns, as in turnips and mangold, oilcake and guano, bones and clover seed, and Italian rye grass, the British farmer has been tremendously dependent on that bugbear of the agricultural mind—the foreigner. There is not a pig that winks, and waddles, and snores at an agricultural show, that does not owe his talent for obesity, his early maturity, his thin skin, which, if not totally denuded of hair, is sprinkled with a soft, pendent, crinarian covering, the very opposite of aboriginal bristles, to an alliance with the southern or eastern foreigner: with the Chinese or Neapolitan. The Chinaman is of several colours, but most affects white; he is a small, short-legged, thin-skinned, prick-eared gentleman, and nearly all fat; so fat that the pure breed won't do at all, unless to make lard. There is scarcely a white prize among small breed in England that would not be traced back to a Chinese alliance, if there were a pigsty book like the famous Strafford herd book. It is impossible to trace the first importation of the Chinese foreigner who has exercised so powerful an influence over the manufacture of dairy-fed pork. It probably dates back to our earliest Eastern voyages. Sailors make pets of everything, especially of pigs; and these prolific early-breeding creatures, introduced on a congenial soil, would soon spread themselves through a hundred pig markets, and make their influence felt, long before they became the subject of discussions, essays, and orations.

In the beginning of the present century the Chinese was in fashion, and continued to be prized for nearly five-and-twenty years. The direct importation has long ceased; no one of any pig-breeding reputation keeps the pure Chinaman, but his best qualities have been permanently stamped on all our smaller, and some of our larger breeds.

The other distinguished foreigner is the Neapolitan, a black or brown, almost hairless, thin-skinned fellow, of greater size and finer symmetry, found thriving on the peas of the groves of Salerno, and first imported into this country by a political friend of Charles James Fox, Mr. Western, long Whig M.P. for Essex, translated, as Lord Western, into the House of Lords, after the passing of the Reform, after being rejected by the ungrateful electors of Essex: we don't mean ungrateful in a political, but in an agricultural sense, for Lord Western worked hard at agriculture all his life, failed in producing a South-down Merino, but invented the improved Essex by grafting the Neapolitan on a native black breed—that breed which, since Lord Western's death, has made the name of Fisher Hobbs famous in two hemispheres.

In Devonshire, the native Briton has been entirely superseded by a Neapolitan Essex. In Ireland, a mixture of Yorkshire and Berkshire, much interlaced with foreign blood, has almost crossed out the active, unprofitable, rough, black Celt, who lived on little, and seldom got

fat. So much for the historical and genealogical part of an agricultural subject, on which the records are remarkably scanty.

Having started with the principle that it is never worth while to have a coarse, ill-bred pig in your sty or your fields, although it may answer your purpose to take the sow of the country and improve your stock by a foreign alliance, the question still remains whether your stock shall be black or white, small or large, thin-skinned, aldermanic, and comparatively helpless, or hardy and active. It is quite certain that, although a prize pig may be helpless, for profit, a pig must have constitution enough to graze for his living while growing to full size. The colour must be ruled by the fashion of your market; for, although all pigs are alike when roasted or cured, or even when singed, there are districts where the butchers, speaking for their customers, won't give a full price for a black sucker or porker. Then, again, in the west of England, it is a popular and probably well-founded opinion that white pigs set to roam in the fields blister and suffer from the sun, and, therefore, black pigs are preferred.

The size must be selected with a view to the ultimate destination of Master Pig. Of course the utmost quantity of meat cannot be put on an animal until it has finished making bone. If, therefore, your grunter is doomed to die early, as dairy-fed pork, the small, genteel size will suit you best; if, on the contrary, he is intended to roam the fields with a hundred companions, under the charge of a ragged, truant, donkey-riding boy of a swineherd, as is the case in Hampshire and Dorsetshire, and to be finished off on full supplies of dairy waste, skim milk, buttermilk, or cheese whey, or the droppings of a mill, then a middle size will be more profitable; but if he is to roam in a forest, or be fed off the grains of a brewery, then, if symmetrical, he may be as big as possible. It is well observed in the already quoted "Sidney's Pig," that a small breed is very well for porkers, but not for the flitch; a good little animal is good, but the ordinary demand is for a good, big animal, "one that cuts up wide over the back, well interlarded with fat and lean." A Frenchman or a German, who may be considered to stand in the same position as regards pig-breeding that Englishmen did fifty, and Irishmen five-and-twenty years ago, is very well satisfied if he can get his long-legged animal half fat at two or three years old, and even then half his weight goes in snout, ears, bone, and skin. But a couple of active, lively pigs, of an improved breed, pigs well able to travel a long day's journey six days before being put up to fatten, were exhibited at one of our recent English agricultural shows, weighing twelve score pounds at seven months old. An average hog of the best breed can be fed off at ten score pounds for hams, or kept until he reaches fifteen score for making bacon. On the famous Cheddar cheese dairy farms it is found that the ham-curer prefers the small Berkshire breed at from nine to

twelve score pounds. Round Brighton, Bath, and Cheltenham, small pork is the paying article. The happy medium lies between the lean and lively Irish of the past, or the Frenchman or German of the present day, and the little prize-winning obesities, few at litter, difficult to rear, unable to trot or travel, susceptible of cold or heat, dainty in food, but wonderful in talent for fattening, although, when fed with care, only fit to be shown for a prize; and then, if not suffocated on the way to or from the show, to be converted into lard, or mere fat bacon, without streaks. These monstrosities, useful in their way, are the animals that bring the English hog into disrepute with the foreign pig-breeder. It must, however, be mentioned, that there is a lean animal in Austria as unprofitable as unprolific.

M. le Vicomte des Saucissons, or the Baron von Gruntz, on being sent over on a special mission by a government, or an agricultural society, buys, at some fabulous price, boars and sows which have lost all their constitution in feeding up to win a prize; removed to countries where the value of cleanliness, shelter, and variety of nourishing food is unknown alike to pig and peasantry, the grunting darlings either pine away or fail to produce more than one or two weakly porkers. And so English pigs fall into disrepute, and the name of Hobbs is taken in vain. If these agricultural ambassadors had chosen from the best blood of the fold-yard instead of the prize pen; if they had gone to the best dairy farms, and there chosen the primest offspring of sows and boars of good pedigree, but unspoiled by the forcing, cramming process, then they would have obtained quality, early maturity, and symmetry. Blood and pedigree are essential for improving an inferior breed of horses, cattle, sheep, or pigs, but they are useless without constitution. In a word, the source of an immense improvement in the quantity and quality of the continental bacon manufacture, with constitution enough to travel as far, if not as fast, as the longest-legged greyhound pig that ever astonished the eyes of an English farmer on his travels. But these prize-winning tribes, although not good to transplant, or safe investments for ordinary farming purposes, have their natural value. The best specimens tell us where we may go to find good blood for improving inferior breeds.

They occupy, in a less degree, the same place in animal economy that the thorough-bred horse does. The thorough-bred is only by exception of use for harness, for road, for hack, or for fox hunter, but it affords first-rate specimens of each, and is indispensable for keeping up the wind, speed, and beauty of every kind of horse except the heavy draught horse. In fact, the English hog has gone through the same course, but in a more complete and rapid degree, as cattle and sheep, since Bakewell's time. First, a few select and fashionable breeders produced a select and fashionable breed, with the advantages of much good meat, little offal, symmetry, and early maturity, but not sufficiently prolific, too delicate, and not large

enough for use of the ordinary farmer and cottager. But very soon the useful contagion spread far and wide. The hog, being a breeding stock within reach of every one, and an animal that produces a numerous litter at an early age, being also so constituted that there are no such differences of breed or tribe forbidding intermixture like among cattle and sheep, has, in seventy years of the application of the Bakewell breeding principles (see Mutton article), been more completely revolutionised or reformed than the superior animals. The pig is found attached to peasants' cottages and citizens' villas, as well as on great farms. Any one who can keep a pig and a sow has, or ought to have, from seven to fourteen at a litter; twenty is not an uncommon number. So the change from Bewick's Portraits to best Yorks, Cumberlands, Lancashires, Berks, Suffolk, Essex, and Norfolk, has been rapid and complete. The worst breeds have become curiosities. Those that remain have been substantially improved by selection and by crosses, for there are none of the difficulties in crossing pigs that exist in crossing Short-horns and Devons, Leicester and South Downs. New tribes have been established, and males of the best sorts are to be found in parishes blessed with an agricultural squire or parson; so, instead of the wall-sided, herring-backed, bristly fellow who used to ask at least two, and often three, years to grow into bacon, every cottager can now buy a big, a little, a middle-sized sort, that at from seven to ten months old will be a model pig, that is to say, an oval shaped fellow, and, like an egg, full of meat, and may be brought to a very eatable size at twelve weeks.

It is a curious fact that, although every part of a pig comes into use, although he has less of fat than any other animal, although he gives not only hams and flitches of bacon, Bath chops, pork, fresh and pickled, sausages, black-puddings, chitterlings, liver, with bacon, and, too much neglected in England, *pic de cochon à la Sainte Menehould*, viz. boiled and then fried in butter, a delicious breakfast dish, although the skin and bristles are supposed to be useful, but this is mythic in England, where the skin goes for rind or crackling, and bristles are too sparse and too soft to be of any use, yet, with all this stock of eatability, it rarely pays to feed pigs, if much food has to be purchased. Amateurs, like the late Sir John Conway, have tried the experiment on a large scale again and again, but the balance has always been on the wrong side. The pig is an admirable gleaner, "a shack" they call him in Norfolk, where the great Coke introduced, half a century ago, Lord Western's Neapolitan cross. Will Notes and Queries tell us why harvest-gleaning pigs, that pick up the shed beans, and barley, oats, and wheat, are called shacks? Pigs are the indispensable attendants of a dairy, especially a cheese dairy, of a mill, a brewery, or a distillery, wherever they can be fed with what is nutritious, but not saleable, up to a turning-point, and then quickly finished with barley, oats, Indian corn, damaged

rice, and not too much peas or beans, then he is a good investment, if judiciously sold in the shape best suited to the market.

All attempts to make good bacon out of garbage must fail. The Germans were half poisoned by pig sausage fed on distillery and beetroot waste. Nothing but good meal and pulse will produce good pig's flesh, and nothing but milk and meal good fresh pork. The sweetness of Yorkshire hams arises from the liberal way in which the pigs are fed with oatmeal: not merely from the mode of curing. The famous Spanish hams owe their flavour to the same source. A first-rate and cheap pig-finishing receipt is four pounds of Indian meal to one of beans. In Southern countries, especially in Spain, hogs thrive on chesnuts and acorns. But the plan does not answer in this colder climate, where the nuts are not sweet enough, unless the pigs are kept long enough on meal to drive out the acorn taint.

The objection to the pig as a source of profit on a farm does not apply to a cottage pig if judiciously selected of a size not too large or small, and of a fattening breed. The cottage pig is the savings bank of the whole family; not only the bank, but the opera, the play, the source of thought and fun. He can be walked in the grassy lanes by a four-year old urchin while growing, he can be fed by contributions of waste collected by a boy not old enough to wheel a barrow, he consumes the odds and ends of the garden or allotment ground, he absorbs many a pint of beer and screw of tobacco, he gives heart to the gleaners, and a proper object for a little assistance without degradation from richer neighbours. And then what endless subject of conversation, speculation, and amusement for the whole family, who feed him, scratch him, and cut him up in prospect for weeks before he gives his last squeak and final and last black pudding. Heartily do we agree with Squire Sturt, of Dorsetshire, that "the grunt of a pig in a cottager's sty is sweeter than the song of a nightingale."

With an allotment, a good cottage and a pigsty, with pig of the squire's or the parson's breed, a cottager at modern wages, helped by a thrifty wife, may be very comfortable.

Very elaborate designs have been made for pigsties. If warm, well drained, with plenty of straw, or heather, or ferra, or dead leaves, as the case may be, the pig will do, if fed regularly, and not allowed to waste his food; his trough should be cleared out or covered when he has fed. Amateurs wash their pigs. If washed, they must be dried; if not dried, they get the rheumatism. It won't pay to wash pigs on a farm: the labour cannot be spared, and a cottager cannot spare the soap. If they have plenty of clean bedding, and a stone wall to rub against, with a walk every day for exercise, they don't need it; but where time and money can be spared, the same pig may be washed. He loves to be dry and clean, although in his walks he prefers wallowing in the mud. Pigs require, when closely confined to sties, a little salted clay, or coal ashes, and superphosphate.



The pigs which produce pigskins and bristles are as different externally from our domestic pigs as a buffalo is from a Short-horn; large red or black brutes, active as wild calves. We have seen one leap, standing, a barrier three feet high. They are fed on the wastes in Russia and Hungary without care or cost. In Hungary the Szalanta is as big as a Welsh cow, and as lean—richly endowed with material for the largest hairbrushes. But on the arable farms of Germany and Hungary English crosses are making a rapid conquest, exterminating and intermingling with the native. In France, the government has done much, but the prejudices against anything English prevails with the peasantry. In conclusion, the pig may seem a vulgar subject, but the progress of the principles of modern agriculture may be more easily traced in Pig history than in the finer Southdown, or nobler Short-horn.

#### GLASS POINTS TO STORMY.

METEOROLOGY is, comparatively, a new science. Before Reid published his great work on storms, the world in general was pretty much in the dark as to the laws regulating those natural disturbers of the natural serenities: indeed, the world is still pretty much in the dark as to those laws, and not at all likely to be speedily enlightened. For though philosophic men have been diligently collecting data, comparing notes, inquiring into causes, and examining effects, with the view of creating a new positive and practical science, the public, for the most part, is stupidly indifferent or superstitiously careless, and lets itself be blown out of the sea by a cyclone, or becalmed in the windless latitudes while folding its silly hands, and calling that Divine Will which is simply human ignorance. "It is of no use praying for rain while the wind is in the north-east," said the old Scotch clerk; and he was more right than most of his Calvinistic brethren. Until we thoroughly learn the great laws which rule and govern physical nature, and thoroughly understand that those great laws are not interrupted for any selfish wish of man, we shall go on committing all the superstitious follies of old, as putting to sea when tempests are brewing, or counting on rain when the wind is in the north-east, or forgetting that the gulf-stream brings both storms and genial airs, or failing to protect the crops when the signs of the times point to frost and ice-bound weather. Yet it would be greatly to our advantage if meteorology were understood as a real, positive, and practical science, and if, as was suggested the other day by the Times, small instruments were put up in public places, whereby men's undertakings might be wisely regulated in the matter of wind and weather, and the atmosphere be made to register its coming states.

Storms and tempests, though bad enough now, are not, in general, so bad as they were. We hear of a few branches broken off in Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens, of a woman in

crinoline being blown off a narrow ledge into the water or the ditch, of a conservatory or two with their glass roofs fractured, and of half a dozen windows smashed in; but we do not often hear now of the excessive damage which was characteristic of the storms of earlier date. For instance, in 944 there was a storm which raged all through England, and which, in London alone, unroofed and destroyed above fifteen hundred houses. Why that was almost the whole city! This was just before the murder of Edmund, father of Edgar and Edwy, and husband to the great abolitionist of the day, Elfgyva. His murder gives one such a graphic sketch of the times, that we cannot pass it by. It was in this wise: Leof, an outlaw, came into the king's palace at meal time, and sat himself down impudently at the king's table. The royal cup-bearer bade him, in the vernacular of the period, to get out of that; but the outlaw refused, whereupon Edmund, in a towering rage, rushed towards him, intending to kick him out; but Leof was too quick for him, and, pulling out a dagger, stabbed the monarch to the heart. A storm that destroyed fifteen hundred houses in a night was in keeping with the rough usages of a time that allowed of royal assassinations in rush-covered banquetting halls by outlaws who carried knives at their girdles, and sat down at kings' tables unbidden.

In 1091, when William Rufus and Robert, his brother, were by chance not wrangling quite so much as usual, a storm broke out that terrified people out of their senses, and did incalculable damage. The wind blew strongly from the south-west, the sky was dark for many days, five hundred houses in this devoted London again were unroofed, and the whole of England shook under the tempest. People believed that the last day had come, and the monks and friars drove a thriving trade. More bequests were made, more candles lighted, gleebs given, and offerings vowed then than we can relate. In 1215, when John was reluctantly spelling the first letters of Magna Charta, and laying the foundations of that great edifice, the British Constitution, a tremendous storm destroyed Hugh de Beauvais and his army at Calais, where they had assembled for a descent on England to aid King John against his barons. There were not wanting many who believed that this storm was a direct act of Divine Providence, and that Heaven itself was on the side of the barons, and against the crown. In 1233, in the time of Henry the Third, there was another awful storm. It rained and thundered for fifteen days without intermission, and much damage was done everywhere. In 1285, a year after the birth of the first Prince of Wales, a storm burst out over the island and the principality such as the oldest inhabitant had never seen, and a flash of lightning passed through the room where Edward and his queen were conversing, leaving them untouched, but killing two of their attendants on the spot. In 1339, a hailstorm at Chartres did so much harm to the invading English army, that Edward the Third made peace,

beaten down by hailstones. At least, old Matthew Paris gives this as the reason for the peace; but, in real historic truth, Philip had retreated before our king, subdued and disheartened, so that we can scarcely count this as one of the many meteorological miracles currently believed. In 1382, when knights wore helmets and hauberks, and horses were housed in the gayest of colours; when men delighted in particoloured legs, and ladies put on their heads high conical extinguishers, further adorned by a veil; when peaked shoes were fashionable, square bodies worn among women of rank, and "grammercy" and "by'r Lady" flavoured every man's talk; in 1382, the fair Anne of Bohemia landed in England to be the Second Richard's queen. But the fair Anne brought with her a storm that dashed her own ship to pieces in the very harbour, and destroyed caravels and argosies by the score. The same fate attended Isabella, daughter of Charles the Sixth, Richard's second queen; for, in spite of his grief at the loss of Anne, which led him to raze Sheen, the palace where she died, to the ground, he soon consoled himself with another wife—who brought, as it proved, another storm. All his baggage-ships went down in the tempest that was raised so soon as Isabella set foot on shore; ships were driven by the dozen into land, and many lives were lost; and the poor bewildered wearers of peaked shoes went about helpless and distracted, calling vainly on their patron saints, and thinking that a rosary of Aves and Paters would have power to save them.

Cromwell died September the 3rd, 1658; and, on the night before, there was such a tempest as was never known within the memory of any then living. Trees were uprooted by hundreds in all the parks and woods throughout England; houses unroofed, buildings blown down, people killed by accident of falling trees and hurling slates, as well as by mere force of wind, thrown down and crushed, or blown into the sea or rivers. Such a tumult was there in the air over all Europe on that memorable night, that Cromwell's enemies said that fiends were disputing for his soul; his friends, that even the powers of the air were lamenting, with mankind, the irreparable loss they had sustained. "This great storm of the night of September 2, 1658, reached to the coasts of the Mediterranean," says Mr. JOHN FORSTER, in his noble *Life of Cromwell*.\* "It was such a night in London as had rarely been passed by dwellers in crowded streets. Trees were torn from their roots in the park, chimneys blown down, and houses unroofed, in the city. It was, indeed, a night which prophesied a woful time to England, but to Cromwell it proved a night of happiness. It ushered in for him, far more surely than at Worcester or Dunbar, his Fortunate Day."

But the Great Storm, on the 26th and 27th November, 1703, was the worst of all. Eight thousand people were lost in the floods of the Severn and the Thames, and on the coast of Holland.

London sustained a damage of two millions of pounds; twelve men-of-war, with eighteen hundred men on board, were lost in sight of land; and seventeen thousand trees were uprooted in Kent alone. The Eddystone Lighthouse was blown down, with Mr. Winstanley, its projector and creator, and some of his friends, inside; and the Bishop of Bath and Wells was killed, together with his wife, while in bed at his palace in Somersetshire. Much cattle was lost, and, in one level alone, fifteen thousand sheep were drowned. It was a terrible storm, and England long remembered it—in the ruin of some, the careless sorrow of many, and the intense terror of all. The Great Storm went beyond even the horrors of the tempest which accompanied Cromwell's soul to light and immortality. Fahrenheit was a youth, perhaps musing over the first idea of his new thermometer; Réaumur was a few years older; and Daniel Defoe was a mature man, in the full zenith of his powers, setting whole bodies of men in flames, either of wrath or curiosity.

In 1719, there was a fearful storm in Sweden, when seven thousand Swedes perished on their way to Drontheim; and on the 11th October, 1737, thirty thousand people perished by a hurricane in India; a fleet of Indians, and a fearful amount of shipping, were destroyed; and crops, gardens, forests, and live stock, fell like chaff before the wind. A house in London was set on fire by lightning in 1768, and a man was struck dead on his coach-box in the Kent-road, his watch was shattered to a thousand pieces, a small hole was found in the crown of his hat, and a seam went down his breast. A few days before this, there had been a terrific storm in Edinburgh, when public service was stopped, and candles were lighted in private houses. Darkness, black as night, and broken only by vivid sheets of flame, gathered over the whole city, and there fell a storm of heavy hail, so thick and fast that it beat down both man and beast, slew the lambs and yearlings on all the stock farms about, and destroyed the harvest for miles round. Two men saw a thunder-bolt strike the ground, where it ploughed up a hole large enough for the mainmast of a man-of-war. At Farnake the lightning threw open a window. The Tweed rose very high, and big stones, many tons in weight, were floated down like pebbles. This storm was at the end of July; and in the September of the same year, the Serpentine in Hyde-park rose, forced down part of the walls, and flowed over the whole of Knightsbridge. The canal in St. James's-park rose also, and the waters in Bag-nigge Wells rose eight feet. Cellars were all afloat, and butts of beer sailed down the tide into the Fleet Ditch, where they were fished out by the people. At Hockley-in-the-Hole, the inhabitants were fairly flooded out of the lower stories; the Treasury was flooded, and the sentinels were obliged to quit their posts, literally washed away; in Westminster every cellar was filled, and forty craft were sunk in the river. In November, when Wilkes addressed his letter to the electors and freemen from the King's Bench,

\* Statesmen of the Commonwealth.

it rained for thirty-six consecutive hours at Birmingham, and an awful flood was the consequence. Nottingham was overflowed, and a quantity of damage done; Lancashire and Cheshire were snowed up; and much about the same time, in the Havannah, four thousand and forty-eight houses and public buildings were destroyed, and above a thousand inhabitants perished. And in December of the same year pretty nearly the whole of England lay, more or less, under water.

Seventeen hundred and seventy-five was a terrible year for storms. On the 1st of February Greenwich and Deptford were in a very tempestuous condition, whereat the people were in great alarm, for a certain crazy prophet had prophesied earthquakes and general destruction to come off about this time, and the inhabitants fled in all directions. Portsmouth and Cowes suffered severely from stress of weather; and Saint Columb, in Cornwall, thought the end of the world was surely at hand. A flash of lightning tore down the east pinnacle of the old church; and stones of three hundred weight and more were flung by force of wind above three hundred yards. Another storm in the April of the same year unroofed houses and killed many people. In London, during the panic caused by the tempest, thieves entered the house of Mr. Berry, of Roll's-buildings, and carried off plate and valuables to the value of two thousand pounds. A storm in May, at Murcia, gave the Spanish world a present of hailstones like oranges: some pieces weighing half a pound or twenty ounces, but for the most part averaging eight ounces. The Montem festival at Eton, in the June following, was interrupted by a hail-storm, where the stones were like marbles, and where the fine lords and ladies got wet to the skin, and looked as if they had been dragged through a river. In September, still the same year, the sea at Newfoundland rose suddenly thirty feet, and seven hundred boats with eleven ships, all manned, were lost. The sea and harbour were dragged for many days, and twenty and thirty bodies at a time were brought to land in those awful nets. In October, a tremendous storm raged for thirty-six hours at Leeds, and throughout all Yorkshire. People would not go to bed, but sat up waiting for the judgment to come. The cloth was wrenched from the tents, the pavement of the streets was torn up, walls were blown down, dyers' vats and stacks of hay and grain were washed away, and much live stock was destroyed. Ships and coasters were lost by dozens; and four Dublin packets foundered in mid seas. Earl Charlemont's brother was on board of one, with his wife; and their death seems to have created an immense sensation—almost as great as that caused by the hecatomb lately offered up in the Royal Charter. The Hague, and indeed the whole of Holland, was devastated by a fearful storm in the November following; but one Jurrien Jurrenson hit upon a wonderful plan of salvation. Meeting with the tempest, he be-thought him of sundry barrels of oil on board:

these he flung out, whereupon the waves were stilled, the ship answered to her helm, and they all came safely into port(?).

Lieutenant Maury, in his "Physical Geography of the Sea," speaks of a storm in 1780—the "great storm" of Barbadoes—when the trees were stripped of their bark, and the very depths and roots of the sea forced up; and when "the waves rose to such a height that forts and castles were washed away, and their great guns carried about in the air like chaff; houses were razed, ships were wrecked, and the bodies of men and beasts lifted up in the air, and dashed to pieces in the storm. Not less than twenty thousand persons lost their lives, two men of war went down at sea, and fifty sail were driven on shore at the Bermudas." Another storm once forced the Gulf stream back to its sources, and piled up the waters to the height of thirty feet. "The Ledbury Snow attempted to ride it out. When it abated she found herself high up on the dry land, and discovered that she had let go her anchor among the tree-tops on Elliott's Key." The scene in the Gulf Stream was appalling and sublime. "The water thus dammed up is said to have rushed out with wonderful velocity against the fury of the gale, producing a sea that beggared description." At Surat, in the East Indies, there was a storm, in April, 1782, which killed seven thousand people; and in the May of the same year London was visited by a phenomenon that made many a heart quake with fear. A light, like a flaming spear, was visible for about five minutes in the west, when it disappeared, and the firmament became beautifully illuminated by an immense number of rays spreading out like a fan. In some places the fan appeared like a vortex whirling about with infinite velocity. A tremendous storm followed. In the Borough-road the lightning forced off a roof, split some stacks of chimneys, twisted the iron-work of a casement into a peculiar shape, and lifted the door of a room off its iron hinges; and a waterspout burst on Clapham-common. There was a frightful tempest at Portsmouth, Plymouth, and all the south-east coast, on September 6, 1784, when the seafaring population and bathers were terrified at a fish, which they had taken to be only a larger kind of dog-fish, but which certain gentlemen pronounced to be the true "tiger shark" (*squalus*) from the West Indies, sent hither by the storm. The next year a hurricane laid waste a hundred and thirty-one villages and farms in France; and nine years after this almost all England was "tempest-tossed." The year had gone on pretty well up to July, when a storm at Malden, in Essex, set fire to a farm called "The Mountains Farm," near Tiptree Heath. At Ludlow three horses were killed; and at Hereford, Goderich, and Salisbury, affairs went very ill for farmers and travellers.

In 1800 Bonaparte returned from Egypt, and the "temple of Janus was shut." Things went on calmly enough until July, when Oxfordshire had a storm of thunder, rain, lightning, hail, and

wind that satisfied the most ardent lover of atmospheric effects. Hailstones the size of hens' eggs fell in abundance, broke the windows round about Heyford, thrashed out the wheat and barley till scarcely an ear remained in the straw, killed the poultry and smaller birds, and, for the quarter of an hour that they lasted, did enough damage for a lifetime of petty casualties. In November another hurricane devastated Holland, and did infinite mischief in all parts of Germany. At Rotterdam a dyke was broken down, and the waters, rushing through, drowned one thousand five hundred and twenty cattle. The same kind of storm happened fourteen years after, falling chiefly on Leicestershire, where hen's-egg hailstones broke windows and thrashed corn as before; where the lightning scorched Mr. Simpson's tablecloth at Reasby, blinded a boy at Nicol's Lodge, killed Thomas Kilby, burnt a child sleeping in bed in the Royal Oak at Spalding, overturned the Leicester coach, the Newcastle coach, and the Paul Jones, and was pronounced to be the most awful tempest within the memory of living man. In August, 1816, there was a tremendous gale from the north-east along the east coast of England. Ships foundered by dozens, and all night long distress guns were heard from every part of the sea.

But this pretty hateful was nothing to the hurricane that beset Roseau, in Dominica, that same year, when canes and coffee-trees were destroyed by acres, and all kinds of grain and vegetables, live stocks and dead, men and beasts, suffered as they had never suffered before. Ships were wrecked off the reefy coasts, and wreckers were not wanting to plunder the dead, and perhaps murder the living. One vessel, the *Retrieve*, had fifty puncheons of rum on board, which delighted the wreckers not a little, and led to frightful scenes of brutality and drunkenness. The barracks at Prince Rupert's, and elsewhere, were blown to pieces, and the surf in the bay was so heavy that it carried away the guard-house on the beach and the garrison boat. But not many lives were lost. The storm passed on to Antigua, and there did a world of mischief. The next year a dreadful tempest raged through the Leeward Islands, lasting from the 20th to the 22nd of September. At the island of St. Thomas alone one hundred and four vessels were lost, the only ships in the harbour which rode out the gale being the *Salisbury*, two Danish vessels, and two sloops. The warehouses and buildings in every plantation of the island were more or less damaged, and some of them were blown clean away over the estate; all the fences were destroyed, standing crops cut down, animals by the score maimed and killed. The city looked like a city of the dead, and the harbour like a floating wreck.

A storm in 1821 wrecked a great many vessels off Cornwall; in 1822 another storm visited Ireland, threw down many houses in Dublin,

and unroofed more; and six years after an awful storm raged on the English coast, and drove ashore thirteen vessels at Plymouth alone. A month later, at Gibraltar, more than a hundred vessels were destroyed. Could this have been the same storm finishing its course after a month's wandering from England to "Gib"?

In October, 1838—quite yesterday to us middle-aged gentlemen a trifle stiff in the knees, and with a few winter snows upon our heads—a hurricane spent its fury on the houses and buildings in London, but did not kill so many people as might have been expected; and on the 6th and 7th of January, 1839, an awful hurricane on the western coast of England and in Ireland did an amount of damage unsurpassed in our time. Through Cheshire, Staffordshire, and Warwickshire the storm raged with terrific violence. In Liverpool twenty persons were killed by the falling of stones, beams, and rafters, and one hundred people were drowned in the harbours. Nearly half a million sterling was calculated as the value of ships lost, and the coast and harbours were encumbered with dead bodies and wrecks floating about. In Limerick, Galway, and Athlone more than two hundred houses were blown down, and as many more burnt, the wind spreading the fires. The greatest damage was done at Dublin, while London was, comparatively, free from harm.

Since then we have had no tempest of any specially outrageous behaviour. We have had bad storms and high gales, wrecks and accidents, as equinoctial matters of course; but we have not had anything very terrific or universal. Even the storm of October last, would not have been thought of much noticeable fierceness, had it not been for the sad wreck of the *Royal Charter*. But what it is chiefly noticeable for, is, that it has set scientific men a-thinking, and that it will most likely give a great impetus to that science of the future by which we shall be able to regulate our crops, time our travels, determine our harvests, and avoid our shipwrecks, almost as completely as if we carried *Æolus*, *Boreas*, *Auster*, and the rest of them in our "pocket siphonias," and were, in truth, the weather magicians that the Finns and the medicine-men pretend to be.

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